California Historical Society Quarterly

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Members are invited to submit articles for publication in the Quarterly.

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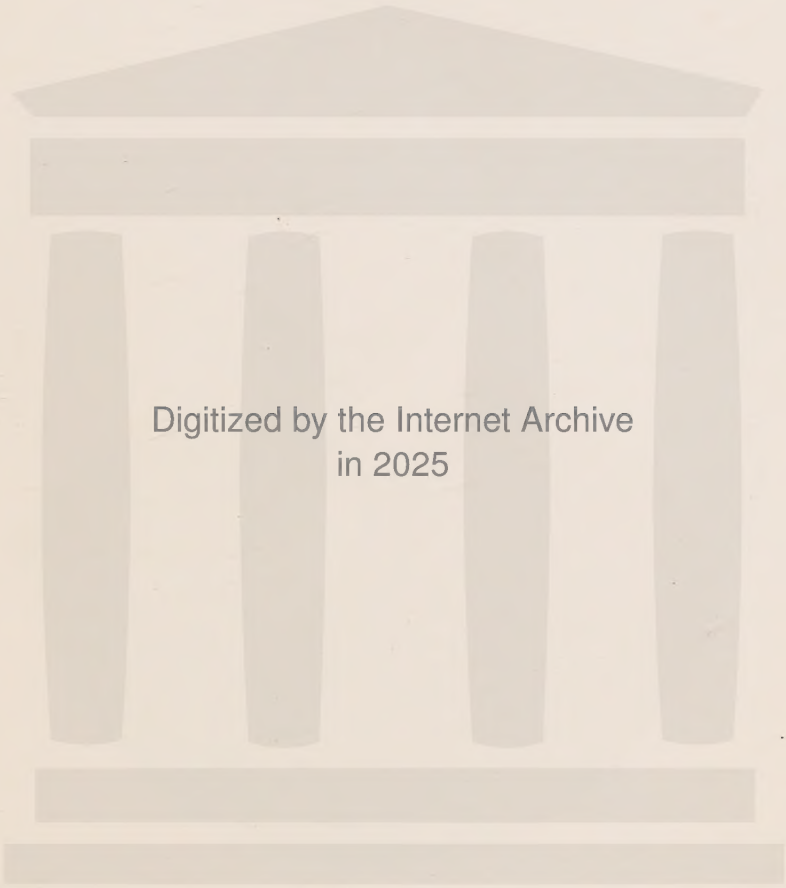
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James Clymard

VOL. IV, No. 2 JUNE, 1925

California Historical Society Quarterly

JAMES CLYMAN

His Diaries and Reminiscences

Opportunity has arisen to bring together the personal records of a little-known American frontiersman, Colonel James Clyman, who took an active part in the early history of the West: whose adventurous career, beginning in the days of George Washington in Virginia, carried him thrice across the continent, pioneering almost every step of his way, and ended peacefully in California less than forty-five years ago. A glimpse of his life vividly recalls the almost incredible swiftness of westward expansion, the restless energy that made it possible, and the sturdy, self-confident character of those frontiersmen who opened the trails and established the first settlements in the arcana of the wilderness.

Clyman saw service in the War of 1812 in Ohio, worked as a land-surveyor under a son of Alexander Hamilton, engaged in the early twenties with William H. Ashley as a trapper in the Rockies, enlisted in the army at the time of the Black Hawk war in the same company with Abraham Lincoln, was a homesteader, hunter and storekeeper in Illinois and Wisconsin in the thirties, came to Oregon in 1844 with the great immigration of that year, thence into California as leader of the party in which came James Wilson Marshall, journeyed east over the Sierra in 1846 with Lansford W. Hastings, and came overland again as captain of one of the last pre-gold-rush trains of "agricultural" immigrants.

Clyman kept diaries and left reminiscences which are epics. Candor, keenness, pioneer flavor and poetic spirit join to produce records of force and value that catch the true spirit of their time. His observations cover three periods of critical importance in western history: the early years of the Rocky Mountain fur-trade; the overland emigration of the forties; and the situation in California at the time of the Conquest. Providentially, some of his manuscripts have been kept in their original form, and this has been preserved in the printing.

The diaries, written in nine small note-books, record the Oregon and California immigration of 1844, the visit to California in 1845, and the

eastward trip in the next year to Independence, Missouri. These journals, souvenirs of many long journeys, are still as easily read as when they were written; not a page torn or a word effaced during those wanderings or in the seventy-odd years since.

The reminiscences include three important documents the longest of which, quoted here in full, is a narrative covering the years 1823 and 1824 in the Rocky Mountains. This was written out in 1871-1879 at the request of Lyman C. Draper and deposited in his collection in the Wisconsin Historical Society. The first two-thirds is in Clyman's hand; the latter portion, done after Clyman had become too feeble to write, is a dictation taken by his daughter, Mrs. Lydia Alcinda Tallman, who also wrote, from her father's lips, a brief sketch of his early life.

In the Bancroft Library at the University of California are manuscript copies of the first seven of Clyman's diaries and a portion of the eighth, taken in 1871 by Richard Tremaine Montgomery, former editor of the *Napa Register*. Prefacing this transcript is an outline of Clyman's life similar to that which Montgomery evidently wrote for Menefee.[1] Accompanying an abstract of some of Clyman's journals made by Ivan Petroff for H. H. Bancroft in 1878, is a copy of a letter from J. C. Frémont to Clyman, and one or two episodes related by Clyman and not included in the diaries. Bancroft pays high tribute to Clyman's diaries, saying that he found them among the most useful documents of their class. He quotes considerably from the California and Oregon portions of the diaries that were copied for him; aside from that Clyman has had little mention in history.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the kind assistance of those who have coöperated in preparing this account. Colonel Clyman's grandson, Mr. Wilbur Lamar Tallman of Napa, has granted full use of the original diaries, documents and papers now in his possession. The Wisconsin Historical Society, through their secretary Miss Annie M. Nunns, has responded with generous assistance in searching the Draper Collection for material. Miss Stella M. Drumm of the Missouri Historical Society has furnished a number of references, also copies of early articles pertaining to Edward Rose and Thomas Fitzpatrick, two of Clyman's associates. Miss Nellie B. Pipes of the Oregon Historical Society, Mr. Charles D. Scanlan of Milwaukee, Miss Blanche Grant of Taos, New Mexico, the Bancroft Library, the New York Public Library, the California State Library, and other institutions and individuals have all been prompt and courteous in their aid.

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[1] *Sketch Book of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino.* Napa, California, 1873.

SKETCH OF JAMES CLYMAN

Clyman's life was abruptly divided into two distinct periods: forty-one years of restless wandering over the frontiers of the great West and, following his marriage in 1848, thirty-three years of settled content upon his two ranches in California. Thus in a span of ninety years he lived two lives each of which was as contrasted with the other as were the opposite sides of his unusual character. Intense love of unrestrained freedom led him to break the fetters of civilization: equally intense was his fondness for his own people and his native land. In the tireless energy of his youth he educated himself in all the intricate lore of the wilderness, in expert marksmanship and woodcraft; yet he learned well the business of the farmer, and he picked up in some unaccountable way a smattering of geology, the rudiments of surveying, and the duties of an army officer. His tastes were poetic and literary. He read his Byron, his Shakespeare, and the Bible, and wrote homely poetry himself in his old age. He had all the feelings of an author and poet, but he was innocent of the forms of grammar, spelling and punctuation. And what a picture he has left of early trapping days, the hardships of the Oregon Trail, California in 1845, and the great immigration of 1846. Every day was a fresh adventure, every turn of the trail brought up new wonders to be accurately described where eyes less keen would have seen nothing. With the sharpened wits of the true mountain man he noticed, recorded, and remembered every landmark, unusual rock formations, the vegetation, the animals, and signs of Indians. In sympathy and tenderness he sometimes risked his life to tend the sick and wounded, yet he was stern and unflinching in difficulty and danger, and his resolute courage often carried him safely through almost unbelievable perils and hardships.

On his first journey to California he saw little that pleased him except the natural beauty of the forests and the hills and the abundance of wild game. He detested the indolent life of the Californians and the slavery in which some of them held the Indians. He seems to have looked a little askance at attempts at revolution by the foreigners, but after the conquest he was back again with the intention of purchasing a great tract of land where Vallejo now stands — a project which could not be realized.

Historically, Clyman's papers fill many gaps in the published records. First, the expedition in 1823 and 1824 through Great South Pass with Ashley's men — Jedediah S. Smith, Thomas Fitzpatrick and William L. Sublette,—Clyman's accounts, which apparently have never been referred to, are by far the best knowledge we have of this epoch-

making trip. In the circumnavigation of the Great Salt Lake in a skin-boat in 1825, Clyman again comes to light; and his is the only name known among those who made this pioneer voyage. Most valuable is his detailed account of the Oregon to California emigration in 1845, the interesting description of conditions in California just prior to the Conquest, and the long diary of the Hastings' trip eastward in 1846, the meeting with the Donner Party, the Boggs-Morin outfit, and all the other long trains of emigrants westward bound.

Although associated intimately with Hastings he was opposed to his grand schemes of colonization and sought to induce the emigrants to go on to Oregon rather than to try their fortunes in California, which he regarded, perhaps rightly at that time, as inferior in agricultural possibilities.

Clyman's diaries are perhaps the only records written from the point of view of an old mountain man of the emigration across the plains in the forties. It is a treat to find here and there a long forgotten word or phrase in the parlance of the trapper or the old Virginian of Revolutionary days. His direct simplicity and the quaintness of his remarks create a never-flagging interest in his style.

Kindliness, energy, good humor, keen sense of observation, shrewd common sense, innate honesty and cool self-confidence characterize the man. While there is no doubt an occasional exaggeration, Clyman was not given to magnifying his own deeds or to belittling the conduct of others for his own glorification. Of his true sense of fairness there survives an anecdote told by his grandson. The children had bought a calf from a butcher, who had charged them very little. Clyman did not consider it a fair deal and gave orders for a further payment, to the amazement of the butcher and the surprise of the family.

James Clyman is remembered as a very old man who was accustomed to sit by his porch in the sun and slowly write upon a slate, to be copied later, those precious reminiscences that had been promised to the *Napa Register* and to Lyman C. Draper. He spent several years in this painfully laborious effort, for his strength was failing and his eyesight was weak. He finished his task before he died, but the manuscripts intended for the newspapers were "given to a publisher" and have never since been heard of. I have failed in all efforts to trace them. They would doubtless complete the records given here and fill out those little known three latter years in the Rockies, and the second journey to California in 1848.

Early Life

James Clyman was born in Virginia on February 1, 1792. The land upon which his father held a life-lease was owned by George Wash-

ington and lay in the northeast corner of Fauquier County, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Here James lived until his fifteenth year, and "obtained a smattering of education." His father then sold out and moved into Ohio, remaining over the winter in Pennsylvania. For three years the family rented land and then purchased a quarter section in Stark County. This transaction occurred during the Battle of Tippecanoe, in November, 1811. Harrison's victory allayed Indian troubles for nearly a year, but after Hull's surrender a horde of savages was let loose upon the settlers, most of whom fled to places of safety. The few who remained, including the Clymans, organized committees of safety, and rangers were sent out to hold the Indian raiders in check until the Pennsylvania Militia could be organized. James was in the saddle almost continually answering alarms, and getting his first taste of Indian fighting. During the continuation of the war in 1814 he hired as substitute for a neighbor and was stationed in Greenville. After service of only a month he returned, and was afterwards back in the militia for two months at Jeromesville.

Four years later, becoming restless on the farm, he went to Pittsburg only to find himself obliged to take work in the country again. He drifted westward through southern Ohio into Jennings County, Indiana, where he cleared land, planted corn with the hoe, and traded the crop to the Delaware Indians for ponies.

In the spring, probably of 1820, Clyman contracted to furnish a government land-surveyor with provisions. He got some practice, at odd moments, in carrying the chain and rapidly picked up the rudiments of practical surveying. When Morris, his employer, took sick Clyman was able to take over the work and finish the subdivision of half a township.

In the summer of 1821 he went to Terre Haute, Indiana, where after working in the harvest he engaged as bookkeeper with Treat and Blackman who were operating a small salt factory, fifty or sixty miles north of the settlements on the Vermillion River, Illinois. Colonel William S. Hamilton was in this vicinity on a surveying tour. He hired Clyman and left him in the summer of 1822 to complete his work. The next autumn Clyman did another surveying job on the Sangamon River.

In order to draw his pay, Clyman proceeded to St. Louis early in the spring of 1823, and there met General, then Lieutenant-governor, William H. Ashley, the renowned fur-trader. Ashley employed him to enlist men for the second expedition up the Missouri. Clyman "procured as many as were needed and finally took the berth of clerk of a 'cargo-box' on one of the boats at $1 per day."

The crew that Ashley and Clyman mustered included Jedediah Strong Smith, then on his way to the mountains for the first time, and others who became leaders in Rocky Mountain chivalry and the great events of the next two decades. It also included a large proportion of mutinous and cowardly river-men all of whom returned to St. Louis after the first affair with the Arikaras. It was a small but choice company that volunteered for duty in Ashley's mountain expeditions in the fall of 1823. The exploration of the great wilderness, under their competent leadership, proceeded apace and within three short years reached the shores of California.

A long list could be given of the first American settlers of the Far West who found their way overland by the routes they had learned in their search for the elusive beaver. The immigrants of pre-gold-rush days were guided by the trappers, and the destiny of the Pacific was determined in large part by the persistent enterprise and energy of these mountaineers.

James Clyman now tells his own story of this little known first year with Ashley's men in the Rockies:[2]

"Col. James Clyman's Narrative

"Nappa April 17. 1871

"Acording to promis I now will attempt to give you a short detail of life and incidents of my trip in & through the Rockey Mountains in the years [1823] 1824-25, 26, 27, 28 and a portion of 1829[3]

"Haveing been imployed in Public Surveys in the state of Illinois through the winter of 1823 [1822] and the early part of 24 [23] I came to St Louis about the first of February to ricieve pay for past services and rimaining there Some days I heard a report that general William H Ashly was engageing men for a Trip to the mouth of the Yellow Stone river I made enquiry as to what was the object but found no person who seemed to possess the desired information finding whare Ashleys dwelling was I called on him the same evening Several Gentlemen being present he invited me to call again on a certain evening which I did he then gave a lenthy acount of game found in that Region Deer, elk Bear and Buffalo but to crown all immence Quantities of Beaver whose skins ware verry valuable selling from $5

[2] The original manuscript, written in a small notebook, is in the Draper Collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society. Most of the circumstances of Clyman's early life, as written above, are taken from Mrs. Tallman's narrative in the Draper Collection.

[3] Clyman forgets his dates. He entered the mountains in 1823 and probably left them in the fall of 1827.

to 8$ per pound at that time in St Louis and the men he wished to engage ware to [be] huters trappers and traders for furs and peltrees my curiosity now being satisfied St Louis being a fine place for Spending money I did not leave immediately not having spent all my funds I loitered about without (without) employment

"Haveing fomed a Slight acquaintance with Mr Ashley we occasionly passed each other on the streets at length one day Meeting him he told me he had been looking for me a few days back and enquired as to my employment I informed him that I was entirely unemployed he said he wished then that I would assist him ingageing men for his Rockey mountain epedition and he wished me to call at his house in the evening which I accordingly did getting instrutions as to whare I would most probably find men willing to engage which [were to be] found in grog Shops and other sinks of degredation he rented a house & furnished it with provisions Bread from to Bakers — pork plenty, which the men had to cook for themselves

"On the 8th [10th] of March 1824 [1823] all things ready we shoved off from the shore fired a swivel which was answered by a Shout form the shore which we returned with a will and porceed up stream under sail

"A discription of our crew I cannt give but Fallstafs Battallion was genteel in comparison I think we had about (70) seventy all told Two Keel Boats with crews of French some St Louis gumboes as they ware called

"We proceeded slowly up the Misourie River under sail wen winds ware favourable and towline when not Towing or what was then calld cordell is a slow and tedious method of assending swift waters It is done by the men walking on the shore and hawling the Boat by a long cord Nothing of importance came under wiew for some months except loosing men who left us from time to time & engaging a few new men of a much better appearance than those we lost The Missourie is a monotinous crooked stream with large cottonwood forest trees on one side and small young groth on the other with a bare Sand Barr intervening I will state one circumstanc only which will show something of the character of Missourie Boats men

"The winds are occasionally very strong and when head winds prevail we ware forced to lay by this circumstanc happend. once before we left the Settlements the men went out gunning and that night came in with plenty of game Eggs Fowls Turkeys and what not Haveing a fire on shore they dressed cooked and eat untill midnight being care full to burn all the fragments the wind still Blowing in the morning several Neighbours came in hunting for poultry liberty was

given to search the boats but they found nothing and left the wind abateing somewhat the cord was got out amd pulling around a bend the wind became a farir sailing breeze and [the sails] wa[r]e ordred unfurled when out droped pigs and poultry in abundance

"A man was ordred to Jump in the skiff and pick up the pigs and poultry

"Ariveing at Council Bluffs we m[a]de several exchanges (8) eight or Ten of our men enlisting and 2 or 3 of the Soldier whose [terms of enlistment] was nearly expired engageing with us The officers being verry liberal furnished us with a Quantity of vegetables here we leave the last appearance of civilization and [enter] fully Indian country game becomeing more plenty we furnished ourselvs with meat daily

"But I pass on to the arickaree villages whare we met with our defeat on ariveing in sight of the villages the barr in front was lined with squaws packing up water thinking to have to stand a siege

"For a better understanding it is necessay that I state tha[t] the Missourie furr company have established a small trading house [perhaps one of the Teton River posts] some (60) or (80) miles below the arrickree villages the winter previous to our assent and the arrickarees haveing taken some Sioux squaws prisoners previously one of these Squaws got away from them and made for this trading post and they persuing come near overtaking her in sight of the post the men in the house ran out and fired on the Pesueing arrickarees killing (2) others so that Rees considered war was fully declared betwen them and the whites But genl. Asley thought he could make them understand that his [company] was not resposable for Injuries done by the Missourie fur company But the Rees could not make the distiction they however agreed to recieve pay for thier loss but the geeneral would make them a present but would not pay the Misourie fur companies damages

"After one days talk they agreed to open trade on the sand bar in front of the village but the onley article of Trade they wantd was ammunition For feare of a difficulty, the boats ware kept at anchor in the streame, and the skiffs were used for communications Betteen the boats and the shore. we obtained twenty horses in three d[a]ys trading, but in doing this we gave them a fine supply of Powder and ball which on [the] fourth day wee found out to [our] Sorrow

"In the night of the third day Several of our men without permition went and remained in the village amongst them our Interperter Mr [Edward] Rose about midnight he came runing into camp & informed us that one of our men [Aaron Stephens] was killed in the village and war was declared in earnest We had no Military organization

diciplin or Subordination Several advised to cross over the river at once but thought best to wait untill day light But Gnl. Ashley our imployer Thought best to wait till morning and go into the village and demand the body of our comrade and his Murderer Ashley being the most interested his advice prevailed We laid on our arms e[x]pecting an attact as their was a continual Hubbub in the village

"At length morning appeared every thing still undecided finally one shot was fired into our camp the distance being however to great for certain aim Shortly firing became Quite general we seeing nothing to fire at Here let me give a Short discription of an Indian City or village as it is usually cal[d] Picture to your self (50) or (100) large potatoe holes as they are usuly caled in the west (10) to (15) feet in diameter and 8 to 10 feet high in the center covered on the outside with small willow brush then a (a) layer of coarse grass a coat of earth over all a hole in one side for a door and another in the top to let out the smoke a small fire in the center *all Told* The continual wars between them and Sioux had caused them to picket in their place You will easely prceive that we had little else to do than to Stand on a bear sand barr and be shot at, at long range Their being seven or Eigh hundred guns in village and we having the day previously furnished them with abundance of Powder and Ball [There were] many calls for the boats to come ashore and take us on board but no prayers or threats had the [slightest effect] the Boats men being completely Parylized Several men being wounded a skiff was brought ashore all rushed for the Skiff and came near sinking it but it went the boat full of men and water the shot still coming thicker and the aim better we making a brest work of our horses (most) they nerly all being killed the skiffs having taken sevarl loads on Board the boats at length the shot coming thicker and faster one of the skiffs (was turned) was let go the men clambering on Boad let the skiff float off in their great eaganess to conceal themselves from the rapid fire of the enemy I seeing no hopes of Skiffs or boats comeing ashore left my hiding place behind a dead hors, ran up stream a short distance to get the advantage of the current and concieving myself to be a tolerable strong swimer stuck the muzzle of my rifle in [my] belt the lock ove my head with all my clothes on but not having made sufficien calculation for the strong current was carried passed the boat within a few feet of the same one Mr Thomas Eddie [saw me] but the shot coming thick he did not venture from behin the cargo Box and so could not reach me with a setting pole which [he] held in his hands K[n]owing now or at [least] thinking that I had the river to swim my first aim was to rid myself of all my encumbraces and my Rifle was the greatest in my attempt to draw it

caching
over my head it sliped down the lock ketching in my belt comeing to the surface to breathe I found it hindred worse than it did at first making one more effort I turned the lock side ways and it sliped through which gave me some relief but still finding myself to much encumbred I next unbucled my belt and let go my Pistols still continueing to disengage my self I next let go my Ball Pouch and finally one Sleeve of my Hunting shirt which was buckskin and held an immence weight of water when rising to the surface I heard the voice of encoragemnt saying hold on Clyman I will soon relieve you This [from] Reed Gibson who had swam in and caught the skiff the men had let go afloat and was but a few rods from me I was so much exausted that he had to haul me into the skiff wh[ere] I lay for a moment to cacth breath when I arose to take the only remaing ore when Gibson caled oh, god I am shot and fell forward in the skiff I encouraged him and [said] Perhaps not fatally give a few pulls more and we will be out of reach he raised and gave sevreral more strokes with the oar using it as a paddle when [he] co[m]plained of feeling faint when he fell forward again and I took his plac in the sterm and shoved it across to the East shore whare we landed I hauled the skiff up on the shore and told Gibson to remain in the Skiff and I would go upon the high land whare I could see if any danger beset us thair. After getting up on the river bank and looking around I Discovered sevral Indian in the water swimming over [some] of whoom ware nearly across the stream I spoke to Gibson telling him of the circumstance he mearly said (said) save yourself Clyman and pay no attention to me as I am a dead man and they can get nothing of me but my Scalp My first Idea was to get in the skiff and meet them in the water and brain them with the oar But on second look I conconcluded there ware to many of them and they ware too near the shore then I looked for some place to hide But there being onley a scant row of brush along the shore I concluded to take to the open Pararie and run for life by this time Gibson had scrambled up the bank and stood by my side and said run Clyman but if you escape write to my friends in Virginia and tell them what has become of me I [ran] for the open Prarie and Gibson for the brush to hide at first I started a little distance down the river but fearing that I might be headed in some bend I steered directly for the open Prarie and looking Back I saw three Inians mount the bank being intirely divested of garments excepting a belt aroun the waist containing a Knife and Tomahawk and Bows and arrows in their [hands] they made but little halt and started after me one to the right the other to the left while the third took direct after me I took direct for the rising ground I think about

three miles of[f] there being no chanc for dodging the ground being smooth and level but haveing the start of some 20 or 30 rods we had appearantle an even race for about one hour when I began to have the palpitation of the heart and I found my man was gaining on me I had now arived at a moderately roling ground and for the first time turned a hill out of sight I turned to the right and found a hole was[h]ed in the earth some 3 feet long 1½ feet wide and Pehaps 2 feet deep with weeds and grass perhaps one foot high surrounding it into this hole I droped and persuer immediatle hove in sight and passed me about fifty yards distant both my right an left hand persuers haveing fallen cosiderably in the rear and particularly the one on my right here fortune favoured me for my direct persuer soon passed over some uneven ground got out of sight when I arose and taking to the right struck into a low ground which covered me and following it soon came into a moderately steep ravine in all this time I gained breath and I did not see my persuers until I gained the top of the ridge over a Quarter of a mile from my friend when I gained this elevation I turned around [and saw] the three standing near togather I made them a low bow with both my hand and thanked god for my present Safety and diliveranc

"But I did not remain long here wishing to put the gratest possible distance between me and the Arrickarees I still continued Southward over a smoothe roling ground But what ware my reflection being at least Three Hundred miles from any assistanc unarmed and u[n]provided with any sort of means of precureing a subsistance not even a pocket Knife I began to feel after passing So many dangers that my pro[s]pects ware still verry slim, mounting some high land I saw ahed of me the river and Quite a grove of timber and being verry thirsty I made for the water intending to take a good rest in the timber I took one drink of water and setting down on a drift log a few minuits I chanced to look [at] the [river] and here came the boats floating down the stream the [men] watcing along the shores saw me about as soon as I saw them the boat was laid in and I got aboard

"I spoke of my friend Gibson whe[n] I was informed he was on board I immediately wen[t] to the cabin whare he lay but he did not recognize me being in the agonies of Death the shot having passed through his bowels I could not refrain from weeping over him who lost his lifee but saved mine he did not live but an hour or so and we buried him that evening the onley one of (12) [13] that ware killed at the arrickarees Eleven being left on the sand bar and their Scalps taken for the squaws to sing and dance over

"Before meeting with this defeat I think few men had Stronger

Ideas of their bravery and disregard of fear than I had but standing on a bear and open sand barr to be shot at from bihind a picketed Indian village was more than I had contacted for and some what cooled my courage before leaving the grave of my friend Gibson that [day and] before I had an oppertunity of writeing to his friends I forgot his post office and so never have writen[4] We fell down a few miles and lay by several day to wait and [see] if any more men had escaped the but[c]hery when on the third or fourth day Jack Larisson came to us naked as when he was born and the skin peeling off of him from the effects of the sun he was wounded a ball passing through the fleshy part of one thigh and ldging in the other the ball was easily exticated and in a few (a few) days he was hobbling around Larrisson had lain between two dead horses untill the boats left and he saw no other chance of escape but to swim the river then divesting himself of all his clothing he took the water the Indians came running and firing at his head but [he] escaped without further injury the wound Before mentioned he had recieved in the early part of the battle if it can be called Battle supposing no more men had survived the slaughte[r] we again droped down the river

"And landed under the side of an Isle [Ashley Island] and two men [Jedediah Smith and a French Canadian] ware sent up to [Ashley's post at] the mouth of the yellowstone and one boat containing the wounded and discouraged was sent down to Council bluffs with orders to continue to St Louis This being the fore part of June here we lay for Six weeks or two months living on Scant and frquentle no rations allthough game was plenty on the main Shore perhaps it was my fault in greate measure for several of us being allowed to go on Shore we ware luckey enough to get Several Elk each one packing meat to his utmost capacity there came on a brisk shower of rain Just before we reached the main shore and a brisk wind arising the men on the (men on the) boat would not bring the skiff and take us on board the bank being bear and no timber neare we ware suffering with wet and cold I went off to the nearest timber made a fire dried and warmed myself laid down and went to sleep in the morning looking around I saw a fine Buck in easy gun shot and I suceeded in

[4] For documents concerning the Arickara fight and subsequent events see: Doane Robinson, *Official Correspondence of the Leavenworth Expedition into South Dakota*, S. D. Hist. Coll., vol. I, 1902, pp. 181-256. Robinson quotes a quaint letter of Hugh Glass written concerning John S. Gardner who like Gibson and Clyman was a Virginian. Jedediah Smith's "powerful prayer" over Gardner's body is said to have been "the first worship ever held in South Dakota." This would indicate that there was another besides Gibson who was buried. Two published casualty lists agree with Clyman's statement that eleven were killed on the sandbar, all probably in a few minutes of fighting.

Killing him then I was in town plenty of wood plenty of water and plenty of nice fat venison nothing to do but cook and eat here I remained untill next morning then taking a good back load to the landing whare I met several men who had Just landed for the purpose of hunting for me after this I was scarcely ever allowed to go ashore for I might never return

"In proceess of time news came that Col. Livenworth with Seven or eight hundred Sioux Indians ware on the rout to Punnish the Arrickarees and (18) or (20) men came down from [Ashley's post on] the Yellow Stone who had gone up [under Andrew Henry] the year prevous these men came in Canoes (came in canoes) and passed the Arrickarees in the night we ware now landed on the main Shore and allowed more liberty than hertofore (at) Col. Levenworth [with] about (150) mem the remnant of the (6) Regiment came and Shortly after Major Pilcher with the Sioux Indians (Indians) amounting to 5 or 600 warriers and (18) or 20 engagies of the Missourie furr Company and a grand feast was held and speeches made by whites and Indians

"After 2 days talk a feast and an Indian dance we proceded up stream Some time toward the last [the eighth] of August we came near the arrickaree villages again a halt was made arms examined amunition distributed and badges given to our friends the Sioux which consisted of a strip of white muslin bound around the head to distinguish friends from foes

"The third day in the afternoon being 2 or three miles from the villages the Sioux made a breake being generally mounted they out went us although we ware put to the double Quick and when we arived the plain was covered with Indians which looked more like a swarm [of] bees than a battle field they going in all possible directions the Rees having mounted and met the Sioux a half mile from their pickets But as soon as we came in sight the Rees retreated into their village the boats came up and landed a short half mile below the village but little efort was mad that afternoon except to surround the Rees and keep them from leaveing the Sioux coming around one side and the whites around the other Quite a number of dead Indians streued over the plain I must here notice the Bravery of one Sioux a Ree ventured out some distance from the pickets and held some tantalizeing conversation with the Sioux, one Siox on a fast horse approached him slowly Still bantering each other to approach nearer at length the Sioux put whip to his horse taking directly for the Ree and run him right up to the [village] then firing at full speed wheeled to retreat the Rees inside of the pickets firing some 40 or 50 of them covered him completely in smoke but Sioux and his horse came out safe

and the Rees horse went in through the gate without a rider the Rees friends came out and carried in the man Several Rees lay dead and one in long shot (shot) of the pickets the old Sioux chief Brought one of his wives up with a war club who struck the corps a number of blow with [the] club he tantalizeing the Rees all the time for their cowardice in [not] comeing out to defend thair dead comrad and allowing his Squaws to strike their braves in gunshot of their village a common habit of the Indians in war is the first man that comes to the body of a dead enemy is to take his Scalp the second will take off his right hand the third his left the fourth his right foot the fifth his Left foot and hang thes trophies around their necks to shew how near they ware to the death of their enemy on the field of Battle and in this case a member of our Sioux shewed Trophies one more circumstance and I am done one large middle aged Sioux blonged to the grizzle Bear medicine came on hand [and] feet to the body of a dead Ree in the attitude of a grzzly Bear snorting and mimican the bear in all his most vicious attitudes and with his teeth tore out mouth fulls of flesh from the breast of the dead body of the Ree

"But I will not tire you with details of the savage habits of Indians to their enimies but I will merely state that it is easy to make a savage of a civilised man but impossible to make a civilised man of a savage in one Generation

"The third day in the afternoon one of the Ree chiefs came out alone offering terms of peace a Schedule was drawn up to be confirmed on the morrow in a half hour after this was undestood our Sioux packed up and ware out of sight also the most of the Missourie companies men

"The night was Quiet but the two previous we had a lively picture of pandimonium the wa[il]ing of squaws and children the Screams and yelling of men the fireing of guns the awful howling of dogs the neighing and braying of hosses and mules with the hooting of owls of which thy [were] a number all intermingled with the stench of dead men and horses made the place the most (most) disagreeable that immaginnation could fix Short of the bottomless pit In the morning however our Quiet night was easily accounted for the Rees having dserted thair village early in the night previous a few men with an Interpeter ware sent forward to hunt them up and bring them back

they returned about noon not being able to overtake them one circumstanc I must not omit to mention Captain [Bennett] Riley since General Riley who gave California her constitu[ti]on was present and in command of company of Company A. .6.th Regiment and requested pemition to lead a forlorn hope into the villag but was denied

that honour he then became allmost furious and swore that he demande the prviledge stating that they had been laying at garison at Council Bluffs for 8 or 10 years doeing nothing but eating pumpkins and now a small chance for promotion occured and it was denied him and might not occurr again for the next 10 yeares (again)

"We Remained one night more in our stinking disageeable camp when we loosed cable and droped down stream 4 men of our mountanier corps was left behind and in an hour after we left a great smoke arose and the acursd village was known to be on fire three Squaw 2 verry old and feeb[l]e and one sick and unab[l]e to move ware found to have been left as not worth caring for these ware removed into a lodge which was preserved Col. Levenworth had given special orders that the village be left unmolested & ordered the boats landed and role called to assertain who if any ware missing the sargent called over the roles rapidly and reported all present then [the inference was that] it must be Souix

"We having to hunt for our living we soon fell behind the Col. and his corps droping down to a place called fort Keawa [Kiowa] a trading establishment blonging to Missourie [American] furr Company

"Here a small company of I think (13) men [under Andrew Henry] ware furnished a few horses onley enough to pack their baggage they going back to the mouth of the yellow Stone on their way up they ware actacted in the night by a small party of Rees killing two of thier men and they killing one Ree amongst this party was a Mr Hugh Glass who could not be rstrand and kept under Subordination he went off of the line of march one afternoon and met with a large grissly Bear which he shot at and wounded the bear as is usual attacted Glass he attemptd to climb a tree but the bear caught him and hauled to the ground tearing and lacerating his body in feareful rate by this time several men ware in close gun shot but could not shoot for fear of hitting Glass at length the beare appea[r]ed to be satisfied and turned to leave when 2 or 3 men fired the bear turned immediately on glass and give him a second mutilation

on turning again several more men shot him when for the third time he pouncd on Glass and fell dead over his body this I have from information not being present here I leave Glass for the presen we having bought a few horses and borrowed a few more[5]

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[5] Cf. Yount's account of Glass, this *Quarterly*, vol. 2, no. 1, pp. 24-33. Clyman's inaccurate account of the Glass episode and his statement that he was not present clears up a point that has always been misstated. Clyman shows that Jedediah Smith's party did not accompany Henry but left afterwards and, crossing the Black Hills, entered Absaraka from the east.

"Fort Keawa

left about the last of September [1823] and proceded westward over a dry roling highland a Elleven in number I must now mention honorable exceptions to the character of the men engaged at St Louis being now thined down to onley nine of those who lfet [left] in March and first Jededdiah Smith who was our Captain Thomas Fitzpatrick William L. Sublett and Thomas Eddie[6] all of which will figure more or less in the future in [the] evening we camped on White clay Creek [White River?] a small stream running thick with a white sediment and resembling cream in appeareance but of a sweetish pu[n]gent taste

our guide warned us from using this water too freely as [it] caused excessive costiveness which we soon found out

"We prceeded up this stream one day [Trees] not in sight since we left the Missourie part of the nxt day same when our guide infomed us to take what water we could as we would not reach water untill about noon the next day our means of taking water being verry small we trailed on untill dark and camped on a ridge whare the cactus was so thick that we could scarcely find room to spred our Blankets Starting early about 11 oclock we arived at our expected water But behold it was entirely dry not even dam[p] mud to be found but here we found a few Shrubby oaks to protect us from the scorching sun We rested perhaps half an hour 15 miles to the water yet and being all on foot and a pack horse to leade can we if we hold out reach it before dark we urged and hauled our stubron horses along as fast as posible our guide getting a long way ahead and finely out of sight my pack horse being more tractab[l]e than most others I soon got ahead of my companions and we got strung out a mile in (tingth) [length] the country some what roling and one steering off to the right or left in search of water we ware not onley long but wide and it appeared like we might never all collect togather again I followd as near as possible the last appeance of our guide but deveating slightly to the right struck on a hole [of] water about an hour before sunset I fired my gun immedeately and then ran into the pool arm deep my horse foloing me

"Comeing out I fired my gun again one man and horse made their appearance the horse out ran the man plunging into the water first each man as he came fired his gun and Shouted as soon as he could moisten his mouth and throat Sufficienty to mak a noise

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[6] For an account of Eddie, see Triplett, *Conquering the Wilderness,* 1883, pp. 407-421. Triplett says he interviewed Eddie in that year. Despite this opportunity the sketch he gives appears to be scarcely more subdued than the other wild stories in his book.

about dark we all got collected except two who had given out and ware left buried in the sand all but their heads Cap[t] Smith Being the last who was able to walk and he took Some water and rode about 2 miles back bringing up the exhausted men which he had buried in the sand and this two days of thirst and Starvation was made to cross a large bend of the white clay River in the morning we found it yet 4 or 5 miles to the [Teton or Bad?] river whare our guide [was] waiting for us I have been thus particular in describing the means and trobles of traveling in a barren and unknown region here our River is a beautiful Clare stream running over a gravely bottom with some timber along its course having [emerged] from its bed of mud and ashes for the sediment spoken of is nearer it mouth Continued up the vally of this stream [Teton or Bad River] to Sioux encampment of Burnt wood the Bois Brulie tribe whare we remained several days trading for Horses and finely obtained 27 or 28 which gave us 2 horses to each man and two or three spare animals so far the country is dry not fit for cultivation (Tere may) However there may be and pro[b]a[b]ly is better soil and better gr[a]ising higher up amongst the hills as it certainly grew better (was) the farther we proceeded up the stream and there was an incr[e]as of Shrubery and soil Likewise here our guide left us to return with the Horses we had borrowed of the Miourie Furr comp[y].

"We packed up and crossed the White Clay [Teton] river and proceeded north westernly over a dry roling Country for several days meting with a Buffaloe now and then which furnished us with provision for at least one meal each day our luck was to fall in with the Oglela tiribe of Sioux[s]. whare [we] traded a few more horses and swaped of[f] some of our more ordina[r]y

"Country nearly the same short grass and plenty of cactus untill we crossed the [South Fork of?] Chienne River a few miles below whare it leaves the Black Hill range of Mountains here some aluvial lands look like they might bear cultivation we did not keep near enough to the hills for a rout to travel on and again fell into a tract of county whare no vegetation of any kind existed beeing worn into knobs and gullies and extremely uneven a loose grayish coloured soil verry soluble in water running thick as it could move of a pale whitish coular and remarkably adhesive there [came] on a misty rain while we were in this pile of ashes [bad-lands west of the South Fork of the Cheyenne River] and it loded down our horses feet (feet) in great lumps it looked a little remarkable that not a foot of level land could be found the narrow revines going in all manner of directions and the cobble

mound[s] of a regular taper from top to bottom all of them of the percise same angle and the tops sharp the whole of this region is moveing to the Misourie River as fast as rain and thawing of Snow can carry it by enclining a little to the west in a few hours we got on to smoothe ground and soon cleared ourselves of mud at length we arived at the foot of the black Hills which rises in verry slight elevation above the common plain we entered a pleasant undulating pine Region cool and refreshing so different from the hot dusty planes we have been so long passing over and here we found hazlenuts and ripe plumbs a luxury not expected We had one [or] two day travel over undulating Pine with here and there an open glade of rich soill and fine grass but assinding the Ridges un[t]ill we arived near the summet our rout became brushy mainly Scruby pine and Juniper the last covered in purple beries comencing our desent the ravines became steep and rugged an rockey the waters flowing westward we suposed we ware on the waters of Powder river one evening late gowing d[o]wn a small stream we came into a Kenyon and pushed ouselves down so far that (that) our horses had no room to turn while looking for a way out it became dark by unpacking and leading our animals down over Slipery rocks three of us got down to a n[i]ce open glade whare we killed a Buffaloe and fared Sumpiously that night while the rest of the Company remained in the Kenyon without room to lie down we now found it would not do to follow down any stream in these moutains as we ware shure to meet with rocky inaccessible places So with great exertion we again assended to the top of a ridge and ware Quite lucky in gitting a main devide which led us a considerable distance before [we] had to desend again but this portion of the mountain furnished our horses with no food and they began to be verry poor and weak so we left 3 men and five horses behind to recruit while the rest of us proceded on there being some sighn of Beaver in the vicinity and hoping to soon find more where we Might all Stop for a time The Crow Indians being our place of destination a half Breed by the name of Rose who spoke the crow tongue was dispached ahead to find the Crows and try to induce some of them to come to our assistance we to travel directly west as near as circumstances would permit supposing we ware on the waters of Powder River we ought to be within the bounds of the Crow country continueing five days travel since leaveing our given out horses and likewise Since Rose left us late in the afternoon while passing through a Brushy bottom a large Grssely came down the vally we being in single file men on foot leding pack horses he struck us about the center then turning ran paralel to our line Capt. Smith being in the advanc he ran to the

open ground and as he immerged from the thicket he and the bear met face to face Grissly did not hesitate a moment but sprung on the cap[t] taking him by the head first pitc[h]ing sprawling on the earth he gave him a grab by the middle fortunately cat[c]hing by the ball pouch and Butcher K[n]ife which he broke but breaking several of his ribs and cutting his head badly none of us having any sugical Knowledge what was to be done one Said come take hold and he wuld say why not you so it went around I asked the Cap[t] what was best he said one or 2 [go] for water and if you have a needle and thread git it out and sew up my wounds around my head which was bleeding freely I got a pair of scissors and cut off his hair and then began my first Job of d[r]essing wounds upon examination I [found] the bear had taken nearly all his head in his capcious mouth close to his left eye on one side and clos to his right ear on the other and laid the skull bare to near the crown of the head leaving a white streak whare his teeth passed one of his ears was torn fom his head out to the outer rim after stitching all the other wounds in the best way I was capabl and according to the captains directions the ear being the last I told him I could do nothing for his Eare O you must try to stich up some way or other said he then I put in my needle stiching it through and through and over and over laying the lacerated parts togather as nice as I could with my hands water was found in about ame mille when we all moved down and encamped the captain being able to mount his horse and ride to camp whare we pitched a tent the onley one we had and made him as comfortable as circumtances would permit this gave us a lisson on the charcter of the grissly Baare which we did not forget I now a found time to ride around and explore the immediate surroundings of our camp and assertained that we ware still on the waters of [South Fork of] shiann river which heads allmost in the eastern part of the Black hill range taking a western course for a long distance into an uneven vally whare a large portion of (of) the waters are sunk or absorbd then turning short to the east it enters the Black hill rang th[r]ough a narrow Kenyon in appeareantly the highest and most abrupt part of the mountain enclosed in immence cliffs of the most pure and Beautifull black smooth and shining [slate] and perhaps five hunded to one thousand feet high how [far] this slate extends I cannot tell We passe[d] through this slate Quary about 2 miles and one of the men observed here or at some such place Mosses must have obtain[d] the plates or tables on which the declogue was inscirobed some miles farther west I visited [a] place of a different character containing Quite a grove of Petrifid timber standing laying and inclining at various angles one stub in Perticular wa[s] so high that

I could barely lay my hand on the top sitting in the saddle the body and main branches scatered on the ground dismouted and picked up several fragments which ware so hard as to bring fire f[r]om steel[7] A Mountaneer named [Moses] Harris[8] being St Louis some yers after undertook to describe some of the strange things seen in the mountains spoke of this petrified grove in a restaurant whare a caterer for one of the dailys was prese[n]t and the next morning his exagerated statement came out saying a petrified forest was lately di[s]covered whare the trees branches leaves and all were perfect and the small birds sitting on them with their mouths open singing at the time of their transformation to stone This is a fine country for game Buffaloe Elk Bare deer antelope &c likewise it produces some Hazel nuts Plumbs white thorn Berries wild currant large and of fine flavour and abundance of nutricious grass and some land that would bear cultivation after remaining here ten days or 2 weeks the cap[t]. Began to ride out a few miles and as winter was rapidly approaching we began to make easy travel west ward and Struck the trail of Shian Indians the next day we came to their village traded and swaped a few horses with them and continued our march across a Ridge [of] mountains not steep & rocky (in general) but smooth and grassy in general with numerous springs and brook of pure water and well stocked with game dsending this ridge we came to the waters of Powder River Running West and north country mountainous and some what rockey

"Rose with 15 or 16 Crow Indians came to our camp as soon as we raised a fire in the evening they had been watching for two days passed to assure themselves that no Shians were with us they and the Shians being at war they the Crows brought us several spare Horses which relieved our Broke down animals and gave us a chance to ride but they caused us to travel to fast for our poor horses and so Cap[t] Smith gave them what they could pack sending Rose with them and we followed at our own gait stoping and Traping for beaver

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[7] Fossil logs are found in various places in the foothills of the Black Hills.

Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, former Indian Agent at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, concludes, after reading this section of the account, that the party probably crossed over the southern portion of the Black Hills and struck the headwaters of the South Fork of the Cheyenne.

It is likely that Jedediah Smith's party was the first to traverse the Black Hills of Dakota, the scene of that great gold rush in the seventies which led to serious Indian troubles and culminated in the Custer fight. The Astorians probably went to the north of Smith's route.

[8] This old story is accredited to Harris by two other writers, P. H. Burnett and George F. Ruxton.

Harris was probably not present at this time. He is mentioned by Beckwourth as having been in Ashley's employ in the Pawnee country in October of this year. He figures later, in Clyman's diaries of 1844.

occasionly Crossing several steep and high ridges which in any other country would be called mountains Crossed Shell river Quite a stream running into the bighorn as I believe the mountains here do not appear to have any rigular direction but run in all directions are tolerable high but not generall precipitous Before l[e]aving this perticular Region I think it the Best Supp[l]ied with game of any we passe[d] through in all our Travels and therefore do not wonder that the Indian would not give it up and if it is not too cold there some soil that will bear cultivation we ware there through the month of November the nights war frosty but the days ware generally warm and pleasant on Tongue river we struck the trail of the (of the) Crow Indians Passed over another ridge of mountains we came on to Wind River which is merely another name for the Big horn above [south of] the Big horn Mountain the most of this Region is barren and worthless if my recollection is right from the heads of the Shian untill we came on to Wind river we ware Bountifully supplied with game but here we found none at all two causes may be assigned for this first the country not being well supplied naturely an Second the Crows haveing passed recntly through they had killed and drove off all the game in our reach our meals being few and far betwen our only hope being to push a head and overtake the Crow village The weather being cold and blustry and I thought the River was well named slight Snows and Strong north winds prevailed continually our horses and urselves became completely exausted before we reached the main Encampment Still passing up Wind river untill we came immediately north of Freemont peak [later so named] on the Wind River Mountain, whare we halted for the winter. The vally is here narrow and uneven but tolerable well set in grass and Buffalo plenty at the time of our arival several grand hunts taking place which being the first I had witnessed I will attempt to give some description the whole grown male population turning out Early in the morning and taking rank along on eeach side of a narrow vally those on fleetest horses taking a circuit and getting behind a large herd Bufflo drove them pell mell down the vally those Stationed on the sides falling in as they passed they run down the Buffaloe so that [the] old and slow could catch them and even men on foot Killed them with Bow and Arrow the Squaws old men and children following and Buchering and secureing meat and skins as fast as possible the night after this grand hunt not more than half the people came in to camp they remaining out to watch the wolves fom the meat untill they could get it packed in d[r]ying now commenced on a grand scale and wood was in demand"

Edward Rose and the Discovery of the South Pass

Leaving Clyman with the Crows for the winter, it may be of interest to glance at the little known career and character of that strange half-savage, Edward Rose, who accompanied the expedition thus far, and who appears to have been the only man among them who had been in this region before.

In the drama of early trapping days Edward Rose played the conspicuous rôle of heavy villain. However, the worst that can be said of him is that through deceit and chicane he tricked the fur companies of their goods in order to glorify himself in the eyes of the Indians. He could not be trusted by his employers, was quarrelsome and dangerous when his blood was up, and lived a roving, precarious existence among the redskins. Yet even his worst enemies found his services invaluable during Indian troubles, and his bravery then as at other times often rose to the pitch of reckless foolhardiness. He has been called a renegade, but he nevertheless displayed gallantry which brought high praise from his commanders.

Of mixed blood, part negro, Cherokee and white, his appearance was that of an Indian—"black hair, changeable eyes, and fiendish expression of countenance when he chose it," according to Captain Holmes. He is said to have adopted for "stage effect" his haughty bearing and severe and sinister cast of countenance, an effect which was in no wise lessened by an ugly brand upon his forehead and a nose with a piece bitten from its tip. His great strength, desperate fearlessness, and intimate knowledge of Indian ways gained him such prestige among the Crows that he became virtually their chief.

Most of the accounts of Rose are unsatisfactory, and there is much confusion regarding many of the events in his strange career. According to his biographer, Captain Reuben Holmes,[9] he was born near Louisville, Kentucky. At the age of seventeen or eighteen he went down to New Orleans as a boatman, and in 1806 came to St. Louis, wintering on the Osage River. In the spring of 1807 he engaged with the Creole trader, Manuel Lisa, to ascend the Missouri, and he helped to build that ill-fated Fort Raymond, called "Manuel's Fort," at the mouth of the Big Horn River.

Probably it was with John Colter,[10] in the spring of 1808, that Lisa sent Rose into the Crow country to barter for furs. The goods were given away; Rose returned with no beaver; a quarrel ensued, and only through the quick action of John Potts was Lisa saved from the fury of Rose. Potts himself was killed a few months later at the time of Colter's race for life.

In the spring of 1809 Andrew Henry found Rose at the Arikara village and took him to the mountains as an interpreter and trader. Here Rose again joined the Crows, adopted their dress and costume, "exchanged a favorite rifle and accoutrements for a wife," and became literally one of them. It was during his third year with this tribe that he accomplished a feat which caused the changing of his name from "Cut Nose" to "Five Scalps."[11] This act of bravery was performed during a fight with the Minnetarees under circumstances similar to those of an affair in which Jim Beckwourth claimed to have taken part some twenty years later; and more will be said of this anon.

It was early in 1811 that Rose was discovered by Hunt's Astorians and engaged as interpreter during the time they were in the Crow country. Hunt's fear of Rose is a matter of record,[12] but there may have been little cause for such alarm.

Rose probably met that subdivision of Ezekiel Williams' party which crossed the Rockies at the headwaters of the Platte in 1812. Holmes says that Rose encountered "Chabeneau," doubtless Toussaint Charbonneau, in the Crow region, and that the latter formed the idea of "crossing over to the Snakes, with a

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[9] Holmes, *Five Scalps,* article in *St. Louis Weekly Reveille,* July 17 and 24, 1848; originally printed in the *St. Louis Beacon* in 1828.

[10] For an account of Colter, see W. J. Ghent, *Proc. Calif. Acad. Social Sci.,* 1924, pp. 48-57.

[11] Holmes, *loc. cit.*

[12] Irving, *Astoria,* 1849 ed., p. 229.

party then about starting, and there purchase some Arapahoe squaws, prisoners, for the sole purpose of bringing them into the trading establishments on the Missouri, and selling them as wives to 'engagees' for goods"—a disreputable proceeding to say the least. Rose went with Charbonneau and is said to have taken advantage of that gentleman's cowardice with some rather dangerous practical jokes.

When Lisa's two boats, on their way up the Missouri, passed the Arikara village, in June 1812, Rose was there, painted and caparisoned as an Indian dandy. The meeting was naturally not an amicable one, but Lisa, perceiving Rose's influence with the Indians, reengaged him, and sent him out with an expedition in charge of Reuben Lewis to trap, and trade with the Crows and Cheyennes. Engaging in more of his thievery and finding it therefore necessary to break with Lewis, Rose went out on his own hook and "came upon a party under charge of Mr. John Dougherty," another of Lisa's leaders, who was trapping the Tongue and Powder rivers.

After exciting adventures, detailed by Holmes, Rose returned with Dougherty to Lisa's post among the Mandans. Here they found Lisa beseiged by a crowd of Cheyennes. Rose was called upon to assist in quieting the Indians.

In the summer of 1813 he embarked with Lisa to return to St. Louis, but the charms of an Omaha squaw defeated that purpose and he remained behind with the tribe. After living with them over two years, complaints regarding his conduct caused his arrest and he was taken to St. Louis in irons, leaving a wife and at least two children.

He is said to have gone on to New Orleans in 1816 and to have joined a gang of pirates in the Gulf. Returning in 1823, he joined General Ashley's boatmen and, as Clyman indicates, took a conspicuous part in the first Arikara fight. He was later appointed ensign in Leavenworth's troops and distinguished himself by his bravery in twice entering the hostile village.

After this, Rose, as already noticed, accompanied Jedediah Smith's party of which Clyman was a member. They "left the river at a place called the Big Bend, and in company with a few more of General Ashley's men started for the Crows, among whom . . . the party wintered," says Holmes, confirming Clyman's account.

The story of Smith's journey toward the mountains and over the Great South Pass has become confused in the works of Chittenden and Dale. If we note the information given by Clyman and by Holmes we may feel sure that Smith, Fitzpatrick, Sublette, Branch, Stone, Eddie, Rose and Clyman did not accompany Andrew Henry, Hugh Glass, Bridger, Fitzgerald and the others to Ashley's post, but struck out directly over the Black Hills toward the mountains; also that Smith, not Fitzpatrick,[13] was the leader of the whole party until after they went through the pass.

Clyman has accordingly added another notch to the "coup-stick" of Jedediah Smith, who after eight short years left so remarkable a record of achievement in exploration. It cannot be said for certain that Smith and his men were the first whites to traverse the South Pass, but the probabilities point that way,[14]

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[13] John S. Robb (Pseud. "Solitaire"), *Major Fitzpatrick, the Discoverer of the South Pass,* St. Louis Weekly Reveille, March 1, 1847,—copy kindly furnished by Miss Stella M. Drumm. Robb states that Smith stayed behind with the Crows, also that he was "left in care of two men" after he was mauled by the grizzly. Robb also records the fact that Colonel Keemle, and the other survivors of the Immel-Jones massacre on the Yellowstone, joined Fitzpatrick shortly after Smith was hurt. Keemle evidently stayed with the party until they reached the Crow villages. Then Keemle and his men constructed bullboats and attempted a voyage down the Platte. The boat Clyman found later was doubtless one of theirs. (Cf. Edwards and Hopewell, *Great West,* 1860, pp. 171-172 and 177.)

[14] See also Dale, *Ashley-Smith Explorations,* 1918, pp. 88-96, 182-183. Alter, *Jim Bridger,* 1925, pp. 37-45 is inclined to give the credit of discovery to Provot and Bridger. It may be that Andrew Henry used the pass in 1810, but it is much more likely that he traversed a more direct route, probably the well known pass at the head of Wind River. Claims might also be introduced for John Hunter and for Rose and Charbonneau.

and, what is equally important, theirs was the first expedition to make that important highway well known. This discovery of the only practicable wagon-route over the northern Rockies, had a profound effect on the future of California and the Northwest—an effect perhaps commensurate in importance with the discovery of gold—for it was the use of this route by the emigrants that permitted the rapid settling and acquisition of Oregon, the early immigration to and subsequent conquest of California, and the settlement of Utah.

The immediate result of Fitzpatrick's letter to Ashley announcing the new-found pass was the invasion of the transmontane region by American trappers, practically for the first time since the days of the Astorians, and the dispatching of Smith overland to California in quest of new trapping grounds. Ashley's men drove the first wagon and wheeled the first cannon through the pass. The pass became the great highway for trappers and missionaries, and the rendezvous came to be held annually in its vicinity. Developing, as it did, into the "Panama Canal" of central, transcontinental traffic, it might well be called the Gateway to the West.

Returning once more to Edward Rose we find him, as Clyman and Holmes have stated, with the Crows, his adopted people, and desirous of proceeding no farther with the expedition. Although it is neither stated nor implied that Rose remained because of any dissatisfaction or distrust of his services, yet it is probable that such was the case. Rose could easily have acted as interpreter when the trappers were endeavoring to find out from the Indians the most expeditious route across the mountains, but it seems that for some reason he withheld his services. At another time Clyman said:[15]

> We went out to the Ogalla Sioux to get horses, and traded with them. Undertook to go to the territory of the Crow Indians, found them encamped on the Big Horn and staid with them most of the winter. We could not talk to them, but wanted information about the country west of them, but it seemed impossible to obtain it. We bought their beaver which were one main object of the trip. I spread out a buffalo robe and covered it with sand, and made it in heaps to represent the different mountains, (we were then encamped at the lower point of the Wind River Mountains) and from our sand map with the help of the Crows, finally got the idea that we could go to Green River, called by them Seeds-ka-day. We undertook it in February [1824]

Captain Holmes relates that:

> Nothing could be done without "Chee-ho-carte" [meaning "Five Scalps," Edward Rose]. Well does one of the editors of the Beacon [Col. Charles Keemle] remember the consideration in which he was held. Well does he recollect the difficulties that he and Gen. Ashley's clerk [probably referring to James Clyman] had in communicating their wishes to the Crows, and their still greater ones to induce them to adopt them unless "Chee-ho-carte" pronounced them good. He [Rose] was not at this time so fortunate in obtaining goods as he had previously been, as his practices were better known, and his character better understood than before. [Cf. also Irving, *Bonneville,* 1856 ed., p. 192.]

So we part with Rose so far as Clyman's account is concerned. He is said to have gone off alone on a trapping expedition into the Blackfoot country, was captured by them and forced to submit to their favorite sport, a "race for life," the story of which bears earmarks of being a refabrication of the Colter tale. He turned up at Council Bluffs in the spring of 1825 and accompanied the O'Fallon expedition to the Mandan villages, acting as interpreter and on one occasion furnishing a striking display of violent temper for Holmes, who was present, to record.

There is an episode that has, I believe, been wrongly identified with Rose's career. The accounts that Zenas Leonard[16] gives of the "old negro" he found living among the Crows in 1832 and 1834 might better be ascribed to James Beckwourth than to Rose. Leaving out of consideration the probability that Rose died before that date, there are a number of points in which the Leonard narrative agrees more closely with the career of Beckwourth:—

Beckwourth had been associated with "Mackinney," Kenneth MacKenzie, Rose had not; Beckwourth gives an account of the stealing of Bonneville's horses which Leonard and others mention as occurring in the latter part of the year 1832;

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[15] Montgomery, *Biographical Sketch,* Bancroft Library, Calif. MS.

[16] *Narrative,* W. F. Wagner edition, 1904, pp. 130 and 264-267; cf. Chittenden, *History of the Fur Trade,* 1902, p. 687.

Beckwourth was eleven years older than Wagner makes him out to be and could have been called an "old man" as were some trappers even younger than he; finally, the storming of the Blackfoot fort, which Leonard claimed to have witnessed, is an incident not only described similarly and in detail by Beckwourth but which Parkman,[17] who got the story from the son of old Pierre Dorion in 1846, did not believe until he had "heard it confirmed from so many independent sources that [his] skepticism was almost overcome."

How Rose met his death is not certainly known. Holmes reports that he was killed some time before 1828. Tradition has it that he was blown up, perhaps voluntarily, in a powder explosion while fighting the Arikaras near Fort Cass.[18] Chittenden asserts that his grave is on the Missouri near the mouth of Milk River. Jim Beckwourth gives an ambiguous and highly colored tale which nevertheless provides a date that may be tentatively accepted since other occurrences mentioned by him as happening at this time can be authenticated.

Beckwourth[19] reports that Rose was killed in the early spring [of 1833] at the same time and probably under the same circumstances as Hugh Glass.[20] Beckwourth tells of the powder explosion which apparently occurred at least two days after Glass's death and just after the stealing of Johnson Gardner's horses by the Arikaras.[21] The men killed in the explosion were evidently three of Gardner's party of twenty trappers. Unless I misunderstand Beckwourth's story, the three men who were killed on the ice, whom Beckwourth claims to have buried and for whom the Crows mourned, included Hugh Glass and Edward Rose, two of the most remarkable characters that ever answered the call of the mountains.

Clyman continues with his account of the Crows in the valley of the Wind River, this winter of 1823:

"In a few days we moved a short distance to whare wood was more plenty and had another gran hunt after which individuals ware allowed to hunt at their pleasure all though this vally is in heart of the rocky Mountain range Snow did not fall deep and every Clear day it thawed whare the sun struck fairly In the second grand chase I did not go out on horseback as in the first but took it on foot with the foot men the day being too cold for pleasant riding we proceeded to the lower part of the vally whare the stream that passes through the vally enters a narrow Kenyon it being 6 or 7 miles from whare the race commenced and standing on a cliff nea[r]ly ove[r] the buffaloe we had rare Sport shooting them on enquiry as to how many ware slaughterd that day every one said a thousand or upwards thi[s] I did not dispute thinking it fell near the fact myself and about 20 Indians who stood on the rocks of [the] Kenyon Killed Seventy by my own count It is remarkable the amount of cold these Crows can withstand I have frequently seen them dozens of them runing bufaloe on horseback for hours togather all their bodies naked down to the belt around their waists and dismount with but a slight trimble and many of them take a

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[17] *Oregon Trail,* 1892, ed., pp. 133-134.

[18] Cf. Bradley, *Edward Rose,* Contrib. Hist. Soc. Montana, vol. 8, 1917, pp. 156-161.

[19] T. D. Bonner, *Life and Adventures,* 1856, pp. 253-259.

[20] For similar accounts of Glass's death see Maximillian, quoted in Chittenden, *loc. cit.,* pp. 705-706; and this *Quarterly,* vol. 2, no. 1, p. 32.

[21] Cf. Maximillian, *loc. cit.;* and Irving, *Bonneville,* 1855 ed., pp. 177-179.

bath every morning even whn the hoar frost was flying thick in the air and it was necessary to cut holes in the ice to get at the water

"They put thier children to all kinds of hardships and the femals in particular pack the littl girls and dogs when on march the whole employment of the males being hunting and war and at the time we ware there at least one third of the warriors ware out in war parties in different directions they being in a state of warfare with all the neighbouring tribes in February [1824] we made an effort to cross the mountains north of the wind River [ra]nge but found the snow too deep and had to return and take a Southern course east of the wind river range which is here the main Rockey mountans and the main dividing ridge betwen the Atlantic and Pacific

"In traveling up the Popo Azia a tributary of Wind River we came to an oil springe neare the main Stream whose surface was completely covered over with oil resembling Brittish oil and not far from the same place ware stacks [of] Petrolium of considerable bulk.[22] Buffaloe being scarce our supply of food was Quite scanty Mr Sublett and my self mounted our horses one morning and put in quest of game

we rode on utill near sundown when we came in sight of three male bufalo in a verry open and exposed place our horses being too poor to run we made an effort to aproach them by crawling over the ice and snow but our game saw us and was about to brake when we arose and fired luckeyly we broke ones Shoulder had we had our horses at hand so as to mount and follow we would soon [have] had meat but our horses ware narely a mile Distant so Sublett went back for our horses and I loaded my rifle and followed the wounded buffalo there being an uneven riadge about a mile distant in the direction the game went and (and) my hope was to head him there and git another shot I ran with all my speed and fortunately when I came out of cover was in easy gun shot when all breathless mearly pointing my [gun] in the direction of the game to my surprise I gave him a dead Shot bifore I could reload he fell dead in a steep gutter whare I could not commence butcering untill Sublett came up to assist me night came on before we got our meat buchered we gatherd some dry sage and struck a light by which we got of[f] a small Quantity of meat Shortly after the sun left us the North wind arose and grew stronger and stronger and a cold frosty snow commenced falling before [we] finished our suppers there being no wood and sage being small and scarce and scattering what little fire we had in all directions we spread down our scanty bed and covered ourselves as close as possbele from the wind and snow which found its way through ever[y] crevice

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[22] Vicinity of Lander, Wyoming, now an oil field.

"Allthough the wind blew and the fine frosty snow crept in and around us this was not the worst for the cold hard frozen earth on which we lay was still more disagreeabl so that sleep was out of the Que[s]tion by turning every method for rest day light at last apeared when we consulted what we had best do under the circumstances and it was agre[ed] that I should arise and gather some sage brush which was small and scarce and [Sublette] wold remain under the Buffaloe robe and keep his hands warm if posibl to strike fire but all our calculations failed for as soon [as] our hands became exposed to the air they became so numb that we could not hold thee flint and Steel we then [took] re[c]ourse to our guns with no better Success for the wind was So strong and for the want of some fine metireal to catch the fire in we or my comrade raped himslf in his robe and laid down after a great struggle I made out to saddle my hor[s]e and was about to leave the inhospitable [place] not wishing to leave my friend I asked him if he Could ride if I saddled his horse but he thought not and was unwilling to try I then made several unsuccesful efforts to obtain fire Just as I was about to mount and leave I run my hand in the ashes to see if any warmth remained to my Joy found a small cole of fire alive not larger than a grain of Corn throwing it in to [a] hand full of metirial I had gathered it starte[d] a blaze in a minuit and in one minuit more I had a fine fire my friend got out and crawled up to my side drawing our robe around our backs we tried to warm ourselves but the wind being so strong the smoke and fire came into our faces by the back current I sadled the other hors packed up the meat while Sublet gathered sagebrush to keep up a fire which was no little Job for [it was] carried away allmost a[s] fast as he put it on at length we mounted and left I put my friend ahead and followed urging his horse along We had about four miles to timber I found I would be liable to freeze on ho[r]seback so I got of and walked it being a north inclination the snow was about one foot deep I saw my friend was too numb to walk so I took the lead for the last half mile and struck a grove of timber whare there was an old Indian [lodge] but one side of which was still standing I got fire allmost Immediately then ran back and whoped up my friends horse assisted him to dismount and get to the fire he seemed to [have] no life to move as usual he laid down nearly assleep while I went Broiling meat on a stick after awile I roused him up and gave him his Breakfast when he (he) came to and was as active as usual

"I have been thus particular in discribing one night near the sumit of the Rockey mountai[n]s allthough a number simular may and often do occur

"We [the entire party] now moved over a low ridge and Struck on Sweet Water Since assertained to be a tributary of the Platte river it was cold and clear the evening that we encamped on Sweet water many of [the] South sides of the hills ware bare of Snow Buffalo scarce and rations limited some time in the night the wind arose to a hericane direct from the north and we had [to] Keep awake and hold on to our blankets and robes to keep them from flying away in the morning we gathered a large pile of dry pine logs and fixed up our blankets against the wind but the back current brought all the smoke and ashes into our faces in fifteen or twenty minuets after taking down our Screen ou[r] fire blew intirely away and left us the wood but no fire we then cleared away the snow under the lea of a clump of willows fixed ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit laid to sleep the wind still blowing all day and night without abatement the next morning several of us wrapt ourselves in our robes and (and) attempted to take some exercise following down the stream it became confined in a narrow Kenyon[23] under the points of some rocks we would be partly secure from the cold blast toward evening my companion Mr Branch Saw a mountain sheep on the rocks allmost perpedicular over us and fired at him had the good luck to hit him when he came tumbling down to our feet we soon prepared him and packed him to camp whare efforts were made to broil small pieces but soon gave it up the wind still keeping up such a continual blast as to prevent even a starving mountaneer from satisfying his hunger we all took to our blankets again it being the only way to keep from perishing the blast being so strong and cold Late in the night however the lull came on and being awake I arose and found it Quite comfortable I struck up a fire and commenced cooking and eating by broiling thin slices of meat after a short time my comrades began to arise and we talked cooked eat the remainder of the night in the morning we started out in various directions some to look for game and some to look for more comfortable Quarters our prsent camp being close to the East foot of the wind River mountain and on a low divide directly south of the Wind rever vally having a full sweep for the North Wind [which] Caused us such [an] uncomfortab[l]e time Two pa[r]ties proceeded one in Quest of game the other for a camping ground I went down the sweet water some four or five miles to whare the Kenyon opened out into Quite a valley and found plenty of dry aspin wood in a small grove at the Lower end of the Kenyon and likewise

[23] Known to the emigrants as the "Three Crossings."

plenty of Mountain Sheep on the cliffs which bounded the stream one of which I had the luck to kill and which I Buried in a snowdrift the next morning we packed up and moved down to the Aspin grove whare we remained some two or three weeks Subsisting on Mountain sheep on our way to our new camp we ware overtaken by one of the heaviest falls of snow that I ever witnessed with but verry slight wind the snow came down in one perfect sheet but fortunately it did not las[t] but a short time and we made our camp in good season as I before said we did not leave this camp untill the Mountain Sheep began to get scarce and wild and before leaving we here made a cash of Powder Lead and several other articles supposed to be not needed in our Springs hunt and it was here likewise understood that should circumstances at any time seperate us we would meet at this place and at (and) all event we would all met here again or at some navigable point on the stream below at or by the first [of] June acording to our recording[24] on leaving sweet water we struck in a south westerly direction this being some of the last days of February I think in 1825 [1824] our stock of dried meat being verry scant we soon run out entirely—no game to be found It appears this winter was extremely dry and cold one fourth of the g[r]ound on those ridges south of Sweetwater being entirely bare from the effect of strong west winds which carried the snow over to the East and south sides of the ridges about sixth morning out Mr Sublette and myself ware in the advance looking out for game a few antelope had been see[n] the evening previous a slight snow falling we came on the fresh track of a buffalo and supposing he could not be far off we started full speed after him in running about a mile we came in sight of him laying down the animal being thick a[nd] hevy it [was] difficult to hit a vital part when he is laying down we consulted as to the surest way [of] disabling him and came to the concusion that I fire at the rump and if posible breake his coupling while Sublett would fire at his Shoulder and disable him in forward parts so we [a]greed Sublett counting one two three while we both drew aim and both pull trigger at the word fire when both of our rifles went of simutan[eo]u[sly] and both effected what we desired the animal strugling to rise but could not Sublett beat me in reloading and approached and shot him in the head Just as the company came in sight on a hight of land when they all raised a Shout of Delight at [the] sight many not having tasted food for four days & none of us

[24] Thus were arrangements made for the first "rendezvous" Ashley's mountaineers ever held.

from two to three now you may suppose we had a happy time in butchering

[From here on in a different handwriting, probably dictation taken by Clyman's daughter, Mrs. Tallman.]

"Our company coming up we butchered our meat in short order many of the men eating large slices raw we packed up our meat & traveled on untill in the afternoon in hopes of finding water but did not succeed but finding large clumps of sage brush we camped all eaving & part of the night continuing on we found we had crossed the main ridge [South Pass][25] of the Rocky mountan in the month of January [February] 15 days without water or only such as we got from melting snow our horses eating snow and living fairly when beaver ground was found although we struck Sandy [River] about noon some of the men went immediatly to cutting the ice with thier Tomahauks called out frose to the bottom I walked down they had got down the length of thier arms and was about to give it up I pulled out one of my pistols and fired in to the hole up came the water plentifull for man & horse there being a small growth of willows along the stream we had wood & water plenty but our supply of meat had given out passed down the stream on[e] day in the eavning a buffalo was killed and we were all happy for the present this stream and one other we passd and on the 20th of February we reached Green river where I had the luck to kill two wild geese here Capt Smith with seven men left us he going farther south we left to trap on the branches of the stream as soon as the ice gave way in a few day[s] wild geese became plenty on thawy & Springy places the ice giving way we found beaver plenty and we commenced trapping We found a small family of diggers or Shoshone Indians on our trapping ground whom we feed with the overplus of Beaver the snow disapearing our diggar friends moved off without our knowledge of when or where and when they had gone our horses runing loose on[e] night they all disapeared and we were unable to find them or in what direction they had gone we continued trapping on foot with fair success for about six weeks when the 10th of June was drawing close and we had promised all who were alive to meet at our cash on Sweet Water accordingly we cashed traps & furs hung our saddle & horse equipments on trees & set out for Sweet water the same day about noon on turning the point of a ridge we meet face to face with five & six indians mounted on some of our horses preparing to take possesion of as many horses each on[e]

[25] See entry in Clyman's diary of Aug. 20, 1844.

taking hold of a lariet and ordering our friens to dismount but after a short consultation we decided to go with them to thier camp about one mile up a steep mountain where we found six lodges 18 men with a large supply of squaws & children & our old acquaintences that we had fed with the fat of Beaver while the earth was thickly covered with snow we made our camp on rising ground in easy gunshot of thier village all our horses wer given up but one and we concluded this one was hid in the mountain so we caught one of the men tied him fast told them we intended to kill him if our horse was not given back which soon brought him we gave them a few presents and left for our old camp dug up our cashe cut down our saddles and again started for Sweet water this brought us to the 15th of June no sight of Smith or his party remaining here a few days Fitzpatrick & myself mounted & fowling [following] down stream some 15 miles we concluded the stream was unna[vi]gable it beeing generally broad & Shallow and all our bagga[g]e would have to be packed to some navigable point below where I would be found waiting my comrades who would not be more than three or four days in the rear I moved slowly down stream three days to the mouth where it enters the North Platt Sweetwater is generally bare of all kind of timber but here near the mouth grew a small thick clump of willoes in this I cut a lodging place and geathered some driftwood for a fire which I was just preparing to strike fire I heard human voices on the stream below carfuly watching I saw a number of Indians advance up along the opisite side of the stream being here about 4 rods wide they come up & all stoped on the other side there being a lot of dry wood they soon raised 4 or 5 fires turned loose or tithered all their horses thier being 22 Indians and 30 horses I did not feel myself perfectly safe with so large number a war party in my rear vacinity recoclecting that for ½ mile back the country was bare & sandy the moon a few days before the full I could be trased as easly as if it had been snow so I walked backward across the sandy reagon out to a narrow rocky ridge & following along the same to where the creek broke through it I crossed over to the east side and climbing a high point of rocks I had a fair vew of my disagreeable neighbors at about 40 rods distance some of them lay down and slept while some others kept up the fire about midnight they all arose collected up thier horses too of the horses crossed over the creek two Indians on horse back folowed after when a shout was raised & eight or ten mounted went to assist hunting the fugitives after an hours ride backward & farword they gave up & all started of north I crawled down from my pearch & caught a few moments of cool feverish sleep. next day I

surveyed the canyon [Devil's Gate] through which the river passes fearfuly swift without any perpendicular fall while on one of the high cliffs I discovered about 20 Ind[ians] approach the stream right where I had left a bout halfhour before all on foot they soon mad a small raft of driftwood on which they piled their war equipments & clothes swam the stream and went South I returned to my observatory on Sweetwater I remained in this vacinity eleven days heard nothing of my party began to get lonsome examened my store of amuniton found I had plenty of Powder but only eleven bullets reconitering all the curcumstances in my mind I thought if I spent a week in trying to find my old companions & should not be lucky enough to meet with them I would not have balls enough to take me to civilisation & not knowing whither I was on Platt or the Arkansas on the 12th day in the afternoon I left my look out at the mouth of Sweetwater and proceeded down stream knowing that civil[iz]ation could be reached Eastward the days were quite warm & I had to keep near the water nothing occured for several day worth mentioning at length I found a bull boat lying drifted up on a sand bar and the marks of a large Indian ranch on the main shore I knew by the boat some white men had [been] here for the Indians never made such boats this gave me a fient hope of meeting some white men in this Indian world but continuing down stream several days I saw several persons running Buffalow on the hills on the other side of the river but to far to tell who they were Great herds of Buffalo were drivin across the river right around me I shot one and dried some meat remained here two days in hopes of meeting some human beeing even a friendly Indian would be a relief to my solitude but no person appearing I moved off down stream some two or three days after [this] I came into a grove of large old cottonwoods where a number of village Martins were nesting

"I laied down in the shade and enjoyed their twittering for some hours it reminded me of home & civilisation I saw a number of wild horses on the [prairie?] and I thought I would like to ride there is what hunters call "creasing"; this is done by shooting the animal through the neck close above the main bone this stuns them for a minute or more The next buffalo I killed I made a halter, I was forced to keep near the watter for there were no springs or streams on the plain. A fine black stallion came down to drink and beeing in close gun shot I fired as soon as he had gained the main bank he fell & I ran up & haltered him but he never moved for his neck was broken so I missed my wild ride still continuing my journy at length I came to a large recent lodge trail crossing the stream I thought it would be plesent to communicate with humans even though it were Indians so I

plunged into the stream and crossed over the water was only breast deep any where the villiag was about two miles out in the hills on my approach to them I did not attract thier attention untill within a few rods of thier lodges when a lot of men & boys came running up to me yelling most hidously when one man ran up & snatched my butcher knife and waved it across my breast I thought this a bravado so bared my breast for the fated streike & this perhaps saved my life for he immediatly commensed taking such things as suited him others taking my blankets then all my balls firesteel & flint another untied my powder into a rag when one or two cam rapedly up on horseback then they all left one of the mounted me[n] talking very loud & rapidly then he ordered me to mount behing him which I was glad to do he took me to his lodge and gave me to understand that I must not roam around any for some of them were bad and would kill me I remained in his lodge all night and after the morning meal he had three horses broght he & his son each mounted one and told me to mount the other he rode forward his son in the rear we rode basck over the river & about two miles on the trail where I dismounted and went on a foot again they sitting on thier horses watched me untill I had passed over half mile when they returned, my hair had not been cut since I left St Louis I lost my hat at the defeat of the Arickrees and had been bareheaded ever since my hair was quite long my friend had beged for my hair the morning before we left his lodge I had granted his request so he barbered me with a dull butcher knife before leaving me he made me understand he loved me that he had saved my lief and wanted the hair for a memento of me as soon as my friends were fairly out of sight I left the trail fearing some unfriendly Indian the grass was thick and tall which made it hard to brake through so I frequently took ridges which led me from my course the second day in the afternoon I came to a pool of water under an oak tree drank sat down under the shade a short time ate a few grains of parched corn (which my friends had given me) when I heard a growling of some animals near by I advanced a few steps and saw two Badgers fighting I aimed at one but my gun missd fire they started off I geathered some bones (horse brobly) ran after & killed both I struck fire with my gunlock skined & roasted them made a bundle of grass & willow bark. it rained all the later part of the night but I started early in the morning the wet grass beeing more pleasant to travel than the dry it continu[ed] showery for several days the mosquitos be uncommonly bad I could not sleep and it got so damp I could not obtain fire and I had to swim several rivers at last I struck a trail that seamed to lead in the right direction which I deter-

mined to follow to its extreeam end on the second day in the afternoon I got so sleepy & nervous that it was with difficulity I kept the trail a number of times I tumbled down asleep but a quick nervous gerk would bring me to my feet again in one of these fits I started up on the trail traveled some 40 rods when I hapened to notise I was going back the way I had come turning right around I went on for some time with my head down when raising my eyes with great surprise I saw the stars & stripe waving over Fort Leavenworth [Atkinson] I swoned emmediatly how long I lay unconcious I do not know I was so overpowered with joy The stars & stripes came so unexpected that I was completly overcome being on decending ground I sat contemplating the scene I made several attemps to raise but as often fell back for the want of strength to stand after some minnites I began to breathe easier but certainly no man ever enjoyed the sight of our flag better than I did I walked on down to the fort there beeing no guard on duty I by axident came to the door of Cap Rileys quarters where a waiter brought out the Cap who conducted me to Generl Leavenworth who assigned me a company & gave me a writen introduction to the settelers where I got credit for a change of clothing some shoes & a soldiers cap I remained here receiving rashions as a soldier for ten days when to my surprise Mr Fitspatrick Mr Stone & Mr Brench arived in a more pitible state if possible than myself. Fitspatrick went back to the cashe after leaving me they opened the cashe found the powder somwhat damp spread it out to dry got all ready to pack up when Smith and party arived the day being quite warm the snow melted on the mountains and raised the water & they came to the conclusion to build a boat there & Fitspatrick Stone & Branch to get the furs down the best way the could Cap Smith to take charge of all the hunting & traping and to remain in the country the season so acordingly they made a skin boat & Cap coming down on horsback to bring me back again, (but I was off surveying the canyon) he saw where the Indians had been where I had cut my lodge in the willows and not finding me came to the conclusion the Indians had killed me so made that report [?]

the three men hauld the boat down stream untill it was nearly worn out and the water still falling so they cashed the furs on Indipendence rock and ran down into the Canyon[26] thier boat filled & they lost two of thier guns & all of thier balls they broke the Brass mounting of the gun with rocks bent it into balls with which they killed a few buffalo, the Skin boat I saw on the sand bar was made by four men

[26] Fitzpatrick undoubtedly cached what was left of his furs at Independence Rock *after* the boat was wrecked. The date could well have been the fourth of July, and that is probably the reason that the rock was so named.

[Colonel Keemle's party] who crossed over from the mouth of the Bighorn thier winter camp and landing on the shore walked up into the valliage which proved to be Arickaree two of them escaped but the other two were killed this [tribe] afterward proved to be the same people I saw runing buffalo by axident I escaped from them the camp I waided the river to meet were Pownees and here too I bearly saved my scalp but lost my hair"

Father writes potery sometimes which [happened] to be copied here in the way

(Mourn not dear friends to anguish deriven
Thy children now unite in Heaven
Mourn not for them who early blest
Have found in Heaven eternal rest)

So ends this part of the record.

Clyman's adventures in the mountains during the next three years can only be pieced out from scattered fragments of information. The date of his return to Fort Atkinson was probably about the fifteenth of September, 1824, since he was said to have been eighty days[27] in walking those 600 miles. Also Beckwourth states that Fitzpatrick started back from the fort to rescue his outfit in September, and Kennerly's diary records Fitzpatrick's second return to the fort, October 26, 1824.

General Ashley after hearing Fitzpatrick's report upon the feasibility of the South Pass route to the transmontane trapping grounds decided to lose no time in opening up that new district. He made hasty preparations and left, with a poorly equipped outfit, on the third of November, 1824, for a toilsome journey across the plains in the dead of winter. Doubtless Clyman accompanied him, for on April 21, on Green River, Ashley dispatched "six men northwardly to the sources of the river, . . . selecting one of the most intelligent and efficient" to act as leader[28]—a choice which evidently fell upon James Clyman.

Beckwourth says that "one, Clement" was in charge. Dale thinks this refers to one of the Claymores (Clements) of which there were at least two in the mountains.[29] From what Clyman himself told Montgomery, and the entry in his return transcontinental diary under date

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[27] Letter of John Hustis, quoted hereinafter.

[28] Dale, *Ashley-Smith Explorations,* pp. 93, 117-118.

[29] Antoine Claymore, mentioned in 1832 by Meek, Victor, *River of the West,* 1877, p. 138; and Basil Claymore (Clement) who did not arrive until 1840, *S. D. Hist. Soc. Coll.,* vol. II, 1922. "A Louis Clermo received in October 1832, $123.37½ in the settlement of accounts between the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and William L. Sublette. Thomas Eddie received $40.00 in this same settlement,"—information from Miss Stella M. Drumm of the Missouri Historical Society.

of June 13, 1846, it seems evident that Clyman was the "Clement" of Beckwourth's narrative. Let us turn to Montgomery's *Sketch*:

> Here [on Green River] the party separated into three divisions. I was left with 3 others to trap and explore the country up Green River and its branches. Capt. Smith[30] had 8 men and went West. Fitpatrick, with three men went south into the Wasatch [Uintah] Mountains, . . . my party were doing well trapping beaver when one day 17 [Arapaho] Indians came to us and stayed 3 or 4 days. At last, one night the Indians crept up and killed the man on guard with an ax, and charged on us with two guns a ball passed through my caput that answered for a pillow, but did not touch me. We all sprang up. The Indians flew into the brush, we crawled out into the open ground and made a little breastwork or fort of stone, just about daylight. They tried to get us out from behind it, but didn't succeed. We fired at them, and I think I killed one. We were very much discouraged—being only 3 men in a country full of Indians, and concluded to take Fitzpatricks trail and join him.

All this agrees fairly well with Beckwourth[31] except that both Beckwourth and Ashley say that six men, not four, made up the original detachment. Beckwourth reports that the murdered man's name was "Le Brache"—La Barge, for whom the stream upon which they were encamped was doubtless named. In a casualty list of "Persons killed belonging to the parties of William H. Ashley" during the years 1823-1829, Clyman is mentioned as the leader of a party one of whom had been killed, "name not recollected."[32]

Clyman evidently stayed in the mountains with Sublette's party during the time that Ashley returned to St. Louis. He next appears as one of the four men who circumnavigated the Great Salt Lake in the fall of 1825, or, as Robert Campbell[33] said, in the spring of 1826. Clyman's entry in his diary, June 1, 1846, gives the date as 1825, and identifies himself for the first time as one of those who made the voyage. The names of the others are not known. Letters, written to Lyman C. Draper by John Hustis and Hiram Ross, Wisconsin friends of Clyman, mention the Salt Lake voyage. An article in *Niles Register,* December 9, 1826,[34] gives the following:

> . It was coasted last spring by a party of Gen. Ashley's men in canoes, who were occupied four and twenty days, in making its circuit. They did not exactly ascertain its outlet but passed a place where they supposed it must have been.

Clyman is now lost sight of until the fall of 1827, when as his diary relates (June 24, 1844) he came out of the mountains for the last time, returning to St. Louis by the Platte route, where he "had the honorable post of being pilot" for his train. His success was attested by the valuable pack of beaver fur which he brought home.

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[30] Perhaps a mistake since Smith had probably not rejoined Ashley this early in the spring of 1825. Clyman evidently had in mind events of the previous spring.

[31] *Life and Adventures,* 1856, pp. 62-67.

[32] Document in the Missouri Historical Society collections.

[33] *Pacific Railroad Reports,* vol. XI, p. 35. Campbell recollected "their report that it was without any outlet."

[34] Quoted from the *Missouri Herald.*

Among Clyman's papers, at Napa, there still exists a receipt for 278 pounds of "Mountain Beaver" at $4.50 a pound signed by Wilson P. Hunt, the Astorian, who was postmaster and trader in St. Louis at that time, October 17, 1827.

A further glance at Clyman's career in the mountains is furnished by General Randolph B. Marcy:[35]

While traveling in Wisconsin in the winter of 1835, I fell in with a remarkably interesting and intelligent man by the name of Clyburn, who accompanied me from Sheboygan to Green Bay . . .

I found Mr. Clyburn a very pleasant traveling companion, and he very kindly whiled away the monotony of our long and solitary ride through that dense wilderness by relating to me several thrilling incidents in the history of his highly eventful career. As his character for honor and veracity are fully established, and will, I dare say, be vouched for by the early settlers of Milwaukee, the reader may rest perfectly assured that every word of his narrative has the impress of reality and truth . . .

Mr. Clyburn and a companion were at one time assigned to a district within the country frequented by the Blackfeet Indians, who had always manifested a most implacable spirit of hostility to the whites, and made war upon them whenever they met.

The two companions, however exercised the greatest possible precaution in visiting their traps only at early dawn and late in the evening, and lying concealed in some solitary mountain glen during the daytime. Thus they continued their business during the entire season . . . they determined to cross a stream which lay in their route, and had already entered a grove of timber that covered the bottom lands, when all at once, to their perfect amazement and horror, they emerged directly into a huge encampment of Blackfeet Indians. Mr. Clyburn, who was, under all circumstances, cool and self-possessed, motioned to his companion to follow him, and rode directly up to the chief's lodge, telling him by signs that they were friends, had come into his camp to pass the night, and claimed his protection; thinking that this appeal to his hospitality . . . might touch his pride, and possibly induce him to spare their lives. The chief received them very coldly . . . required them to give an account of themselves . . . The squaws set some buffalo meat before them . . .but although they had been traveling a long time, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have done ample justice to the fare, yet their surroundings . . . were of such a character as almost entirely to take away their appetites. They, however, in order to do away with any exhibition of alarm on their part, forced themselves to swallow some of the meat, then lit their pipes . . . Clyburn, who understood a little of the Blackfeet language overheard the chief tell some of his warriors that he and his companion must be put to death . . . he immediately resolved upon the course they should pursue, and very quietly . . . informed his friend . . . directing him . . . to keep constant watch upon his own movements and to do precisely as he did. He waited until nearly dark . . . when the Indians seemed off their guard . . . to spring to his feet and . . . run rapidly toward the river. His friend followed, but the Indians . . . seizing their arms, pursued them closely, firing many balls and arrows . . . He, however, had the good fortune to reach the river, and jumped in, diving deeply, and striking out . . . for the opposite shore, and hid himself under a shelving bank. Here he awaited in great anxiety for some time, until the Indians had . . . returned to their camps, when he crawled out and endeavored to get some trace of his friend, but none was found and he was never heard of afterwards.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[35] *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border*, 1866, pp. 412-415.

THE SCALPEL
UNDER THREE FLAGS IN CALIFORNIA[1]

So closely allied were the cross, the sword and the scalpel during the Spanish, Mexican and early American phases of California's history, that it is impossible to give a survey of the latter without including the events that moulded the former. Whether you consider the California plantings as the off-spring of religious zeal or the spoil of empire, the fact remains that a Spanish surgeon-general presided at the birth of the newly-found colony, and that had it not been for his presence, the well laid plans of Carlos III of Spain; the Marquis de Croix, Viceroy of New Spain; Don José de Galvez, the Visitador General; and Fray Junípero Serra must have miscarried. As the type of medico varied with the type of flag waving over California, it has seemed advisable to include her medical history under those periods:

The Spanish Period, 1769-1822.
The Mexican Period, 1822-1848.
The American Period, 1848-

THE SPANISH PERIOD
1769-1822

If it were the designs of a king or statesmen of Spain which led to the occupation of these shores, their participation has been relegated to dusty tomes and states archives, while the imagination clings to the heroic accomplishments of the courageous Junípero Serra in planting the missions at San Diego and Monterey. The Fray was fifty-six years old, but with a heart still passionate for salvaging souls, when the opportunity came which has immortalized him in the annals of church and state. The Jesuits were expelled from Lower California in 1767. Junípero hearing of this among the missions of the Sierra Gorda, Mexico, hastened to occupy their field before their proselytes would again revert to barbarism; and it was there that Galvez found him ready to cooperate in settlement and to raise the cross under the protection of the sword. In October 1768, Galvez and the Fray had a conference, and the upshot of it was the organization of the expeditions by land and sea which set out for San Diego and Monterey. The sea forces were transported in the two *paquebotes,* the San Antonio and the San Carlos, the flagship, which was also called the "Golden Fleece." It is interesting to note

[1] Parts of this paper were published in the recent historical number of *California and Western Medicine.*

the use here of a name which, with the word "Argonaut," eighty years later became inseparably identified with the history of California.

So on January 9, 1769, Galvez having delivered a stirring farewell oration to the future colonists, and the venerated Padre Junípero Serra having blessed the flags and administered the sacrament, the *paquebot* San Carlos, the Mayflower of the Pacific, set sail from La Paz, Mexico, with Monterey as the goal and San Diego the first rendezvous. There were sixty-two persons aboard that ship including Commander Vicente Vila and his crew, a Franciscan friar, Fernando Parron, Pedro Fages, a lieutenant in the Royal Spanish army who later became governor of California, Costansó, the diarist and engineer, twenty-five Catalan soldiers, a baker, two blacksmiths, a cook, a bleeder and the one who concerns us most, Pedro Prat, the surgeon. Bancroft says that he was a Frenchman, but he was a native of Barcelona, Spain, and a graduate in Medicine from the University of Barcelona where he was a surgeon of note. Holding the rank of capitan in the Royal Spanish army, he became the first surgeon-general in the Royal Presidio of Monterey, and the first resident doctor in California. And so the medical history of California goes back to the cradle of the new Spanish province, the sword, the cross and the scalpel proceeding hand in hand; and had it not been for the presence of Pedro Prat, it is probable that the projected province would have miscarried and never withstood the travail of its birth.

A few days after leaving La Paz, scurvy, then the scourge of the sea, broke out among her passengers. To add to this dilemma, through leaking casks their supply of water was exhausted, and the spring being contaminated at Cedros Island where they stopped to replenish, the scurvy-ridden ship was ravaged by dysentery, and death stalked in their midst. Later the ship lost her way in the fog and sailed too far north. During the night of the one hundred and tenth day from La Paz, she dropped anchor in San Diego Bay. The San Antonio, having sailed almost one month later than the San Carlos, was already there, and at dawn, April 29, the pilot spied the latter ship riding at anchor, but with her deck apparently as spectral as that of the "Ancient Mariner," as not a person was seen moving about. The crew of the San Antonio put off in boats and found that not a man aboard the San Carlos was able to lower one; the crew, excepting one sailor and one cook, was dead, and many of the soldiers were in a desperate condition from dysentery and scurvy.

Doctor Prat, who had been battling with disease and death almost since his departure, with the help of the San Antonio crew constructed

a tent-hospital, the first in California, and removed the sick and dying to the shore. But the scourge of the San Carlos was contracted by the crew of the San Antonio, and Doctor Prat, Fray Junípero Serra and two other Franciscan padres attended, nursed and buried the victims. Ninety soldiers, sailors and mechanics succumbed. Only one-third of the original colony intended for Monterey survived. So tragic was this initial baptism of the California shores that "Punta de los Muertos" or Dead Men's Point near New Town (San Diego) derived its name from the burial of the scurvy- and dysentery-stricken soldiers and sailors—all of which is reminiscent of the first winter of the Plymouth colony on the Massachusetts coast. And so it was Pedro Prat, the first surgeon in California, who nursed the remnants of the Pacific pilgrims back to life and accompanied them to Monterey, where the second mission was founded and where he became surgeon-general and resided at the Presidio-Real, Monterey having become the capital of California. But he did not long survive. His mind had been so harrassed by the harrowing experiences at San Diego that he became demented and was unable to assort and label the large supply of drugs he had brought with him. During the following year he died and was buried in the mission at Monterey.[2]

The journey north, of the second land expedition, which included Governor Gaspar de Portolá and Father Junípero Serra, is no less interesting to this history in that it pathetically demonstrates to what ends the afflicted were driven in this time when no properly qualified physician was at hand. The venerable Padre Junípero had already been delayed over three weeks at Loreto due to an ulcer on his leg. At last he mounted his mule and rode over the rugged trail to San Xavier. There Francisco Palou, sensing his condition and realizing the agony under which his old friend progressed, proposed that he go in his stead. But Junípero would not listen to this. "Let us speak no more upon the subject," he said, and the pain was so intense that he could neither stand, nor sit, nor sleep. Portolá, seeing that the Padre could neither walk nor any longer sit upon his mule, ordered the construction of a litter upon which he might be carried in a recumbent posture by the Indians who accompanied the expedition. But Junípero, greatly grieved, was unwilling to become a burden to the poor wretches who already had quite enough to bear, and he prayed to God that he might be spared causing them any further hardships. Then calling one of the muleteers whom he had seen applying ointment to the backs of his animals, when their saddles galled them, he asked if he could not prescribe something

[2] Englehardt, Zephyrin, O. F. M., *The Missions and Missionaries of California,* San Francisco, 1912, says Doctor Prat died at Guadalajara and was buried there.

to relieve his misery. The muleteer answered: "Father, what remedy should I know? I am no surgeon. I am only a muleteer and can only cure the sores on the backs of beasts." "Well son," replied Junípero, "consider this ulcer, which has caused all this pain and deprived me of sleep, as such a sore and treat me the same as one of your beasts."

The muleteer and all the bystanders smiled at such a request. But he answered: "Father, to please you, I will do so;" and taking a little tallow, mashing it between stones, mixing with it certain healing herbs which he discovered growing nearby, he applied the compound to the hot, swollen, ulcerated leg and bound it in place. The ointment Junípero supplemented with his own prayers and his touching and profound faith in their efficacy. That night, for the first time in many, Junípero slept profoundly, and awaking refreshed, he arose and went about his affairs, as if he had never been affected. The relief was so immediate that everybody looked upon the cure with wonder and astonishment. The ulcer being healed in a single night, Junípero continued the way of the cross to San Diego, incidentally supplying the only touch of real heroism in this forty-six day journey.[3]

Eventually there were four presidios in California—in the north San Francisco and Monterey, and in the south Santa Barbara and San Diego—and the twenty-one missions were divided among them; but because Monterey was the capital of the province, the surgeon-general remained at the Royal Presidio there, and Monterey became the medical center of the province.

The following is a complete list of the surgeon-generals of the Spanish Army who were stationed at the Presidio of Monterey during the Spanish régime:

Pedro Prat	1769-1771
Pedro Castran	1773-1774
José Davila	1774-1783
Pedro Carbajal	1785-1787
Pablo Soler	1791-1800
Juan de Dios Morélos	1800-1802
Manuel Tórres	1802-1803
José Maria Benítes	1803-1807
Manuel Quixano	1807-1824

The only surgeon of this time connected with the Mission Dolores was José Davila, a Spaniard. Very little seems to be known of him except that he picked the site, as a healthy one, for the mission. He

[3] Palou, Francisco, *Vida,* 73, 74. Hittell, Theo. H., *History of California,* Vol. I, San Francisco, 1885. Eldredge, Zoeth S., *History of California,* Vol. I, New York, n. d.

was present with Paloú, Lieutenant Moraga, etc., when the cornerstone not only of the mission but of the civilization of San Francisco was laid. And there he buried his first wife, Josefa Carbajal in November 1780. The Doctor did not endear himself to Governor Neve, and as early as 1781 he favored granting the Surgeon leave to quit the country, as being incompetent and captious, but in 1783 both men died and were buried in the mission church.

In 1792, when Antonio Romeu, the fifth Spanish governor of California, lay dying at Monterey, history records that it was Dr. Pablo Soler who made the diagnosis and prognosticated a fatal issue. This Dr. Pablo Soler, a native of Barcelona, Spain, and a graduate of the university there, was the most noted and probably the most skillful of the Spanish-Colonial surgeon-generals in the Californias. He arrived at Monterey as an officer in the Spanish Royal Navy about 1789, and for a while was very contented in this frontier capital, but at length became weary of his seclusion from learned men of his class. In 1798 he wrote to the King of Spain complaining of his sad and unhappy fate in being thus confined within the walls of a remote presidio surrounded by Gentiles and comparatively deprived of society, and begged to be relieved. At the same time he gave an account of his services to the California colony; his gratuitous attendance upon officers, missionaries, soldiers, *pobladores* or settlers and Indians, both Gentile and Christian, when called on; his travelling to remote ranchos sometimes as far as forty leagues to visit a sufferer, and the difficult operations he performed. In one case he had saved an Indian who had been gored by a bull so that his entrails protuded and dragged on the ground (and this in a time and region when anaesthetics, asepsis and sterilization were unknown). In numerous cases and during severe attacks he attended those afflicted with scurvy, chronic dysentery and dropsy. The following is from the old Spanish archives of the Mission San Carlos: "Dr. Don Pablo Soler is a great physician, and a great surgeon. Had not his humanity prompted him to give his profession to the service of the California colony, he would have been renowned in Spain, but he gave the best years of his life for the welfare of the people, travelling many miles to minister to officers and soldiers, to settlers, rich and poor, to the missionaries, and to the Indians, to all with equal kindness, he was unable to cure Governor Romeu but his consummate skill was none the less brilliant." About 1800 the King of Spain relieved Doctor Soler and he was followed in quick succession by Dr. Juan de Dios Morélos, 1800-1802, Dr. Manuel Tórres, 1802-1803, and Dr. José Maria Benítes, 1803-1807.

Although Robert Koch, the German bacteriologist, did not discover

the bacillus tuberculosis until 1882, Spain and Italy already in the earlier part of the century believed that the great white plague was contagious and could be imparted from one to another. That Dr. Juan Morélos shared this opinion cannot be doubted. In 1800 the Commandante Hermenegildo Sal died at Monterey of phthisis, and Bancroft is the authority for what follows:[4] "His disease was in those days considered as contagious and therefore at the recommendation of the Surgeon, Juan Morelos, all his clothing and bedding were burned, as was the roof of his house after the plastering had been removed from the walls." Again quoting from the same author we find the following during the medical régime of Quixano: "On one occasion while Governor Pablo Vicente de Sola ruled the Californias, a wealthy Spaniard died, leaving the whole of his property to the fondo piadoso de las Californias; but, as he had been consumptive, his furniture and clothing were burned, and in the excitement of the occasion his jewelry and money were lost or stolen. When the case was reported to the Viceroy of Mexico, the President of the College of San Fernando, who had been made administrator of the estate, began suit against the authorities, of the then Province of the Californias, from whom he claimed the full value of the property destroyed." These facts speak for themselves and for the Monterey surgeon in a day when neither the bacillus tuberculosis or its etiological relationship were established.

In the year 1807 there came to Monterey Dr. Manuel Quixano, the last surgeon of the Royal Spanish Army, in which he also held the commission of capitan. He was a native of Leon, Spain, and a graduate of the Royal Medical University of Madrid. Doctor Quixano first appears in history as a witness when on August 10, 1809, in the hall of the Mission of San Carlos, Monterey, José Joaquin de Arrillaga, the eighth Spanish governor of California, was required to take the oath of allegiance to Fernando VII, Charles IV having abdicated the Spanish throne. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the Governor entered the hall and in the presence of the friars, Surgeon Manuel Quixano, and the army representatives, knelt before the crucifix, placed one hand upon the Holy Evangels, and, holding up with the other the cross of his sword, swore to bear true allegiance to King Fernando VII.

To Doctor Quixano belongs the honor of having performed the first recorded autopsy in California. On October 12, 1812, Padre Andrés Quintana of the Santa Cruz Mission was found dead in his cell with the door locked on the inside. He had been ailing for sometime and when found, the holy oils and consecrated Host were clasped to his breast. He was buried as found. Two years later, an old Indian neophyte of

[4] Bancroft, *Works*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 679-680.

the mission lay dying and requested the rites of the Church, and on his death bed confessed that the good Padre, having been summoned in the dead of night to a dying Indian, had been treacherously murdered under a tree. Later the corpse had been placed in his own bed and the door locked on the inside. Doctor Quixano being summoned from Monterey, the poor Padre's body was exhumed from his tomb in the chapel, and an autopsy was performed, disclosing that the Fray had been murdered in a most cruel manner, the details being so revolting that they were withheld from the general records.

Under date of 1815, we find the following entry in the San Carlos records: "Doctor Quixano made a tour of medical inspection of the missions, as serious illness afflicted especially the missionaries and Indians of Southern California. In every mission he was treated with respect due to his rank, but especially due to his ability and benevolence."

Up to this period the trend of California's civilization had been upward, and Monterey may be considered the cradle of this culture; but in 1822 the missions were secularized, and in 1823 the rumble of revolution made itself heard. Mexico declared herself independent of Spain and claimed California as hers. A period of decadence was ushered in. Spain withdrew her troops from the Royal Presidios and Doctor Quixano, with the rest of the Spaniards, retaining their allegiance to the Spanish Crown, resigned. On leaving his offices and those of his predecessor in the Monterey presidio, the Spanish Government presented to him as a souvenir, the office chair which had been used at consultations by himself and his predecessors. This chair, the mahogany box which contained his fine medical instruments and the scales in which he weighed drugs are now in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Maria Antonia Field of Monterey. After relinquishing his Spanish commission, Doctor Quixano retired to private practice among the settlers on the Monterey peninsula. He died in 1825 and his residence and office are now occupied by his descendants.

For seventy-five years and more following the foundation of the Presidio Real at Monterey, the three other presidios, the twenty odd other missions and the numerous pueblos were absolutely without skilled medical attendance and a sick or injured person was dependent upon the missionaries, the "hechiceros" or Indian medicine men, or the stranger within the gates. Occasionally, as we have seen, the surgeon was summoned from Monterey, or the medical officer from some visiting man-of-war or trading-ship was pressed into service. If the stranger within the gates happened to be an American or Englishman and the emergency required it, he was immediately summoned, as "Anglo-Saxon" in those days was synonymous with an "M. D."

The Indian medicine men or "hechiceros" in spite of their weird performances undoubtedly possessed considerable ability. Our pharmacopœia has been enriched by three valuable vegetable additions discovered and used by the California Indians. *Eriodyction glutinosum,* which grows profusely on our foothills, was used by the medicine men in afflictions of the respiratory tract. So efficacious and so valuable did it prove to the missionaries that they called it "Yerba Santa" or Holy Plant. The second, the *Rhamnus Purshiana,* which grows luxuriantly in the timbered mountains of Southern California was used extensively as a cathartic. So highly esteemed was it by the followers of the Cross that they christened it "Cascara Sagrada" or Sacred Bark. The third, *Grindelia robusta,* was used in pulmonary troubles and as external skin applications following an exposure from the *Rhus toxicodendron* or Poison Oak. That these medicine men should be classed as quacks is beyond cavil, but they certainly possessed considerable knowledge of anatomy and drugs and their uses. Bustamente in his *History of Mexico* narrates an amusing incident of one of these medicine men or "hechiceros" who was called to the city of Mexico and summoned before the College of Physicians on the charge of being a quack. In reply to the accusation, he asked his judges to smell a certain herb, which quickly produced a severe nose bleed, and then invited them to check it. Seeing that they were unable to do so, he administered a powder which immediately had the desired effect. "These are my attainments," he exclaimed, "and this is the manner in which I cure the ailments of my patients." So adroit was the fatal Borgia-like decoction which the Indian administered to Father Pujal at San Miguel that Surgeon Morélos, although summoned there from Monterey, was unable, despite an autopsy, to ascertain its nature.

The padres possessed considerable medical knowledge and were capable of doing minor surgery and even more complicated operations, and they were really the medical Gibraltars in their establishments. Bancroft speaks of one of the fathers, Marcelino Marquinez of Santa Cruz, as being particularly adept in medical matters. Each mission had its hospital, a single ward supplied with mats instead of beds, and each padre had his little medical and surgical kit, one of which is still preserved among the treasures in the Mission at San Juan Bautista. A case is on record of one of the padres amputating the arm of a disabled Indian, and doing it so cleverly that years afterward its success was attested by one of the fathers at San Buenaventura.[5]

It is interesting to note that the first two Cæsarian sections per-

[5] Bard, Cephas, *A Contribution to the History of Medicine in Southern California,* Ventura, 1894.

formed in California were accomplished, though unsuccessfully, by Franciscan friars, one in San Francisco in 1805, the other in San Jose in 1825. The missionaries were required to perform that operation on all women dying undelivered during labor. Perhaps it is not amiss here to add that the first successful Cæsarian operation was performed by that surgical genius, Elias S. Cooper, in San Francisco, in 1859, and is a monument not only to Doctor Cooper's skill but to man's ingratitude to man, as out of it grew one of the greatest medico-legal[6] battles that ever engaged the California courts. Cooper's name and fame have endured while the doctors who instigated the suit have been consigned to the oblivion they deserve.

Bleeding was very much in vogue during this period, and many of the soldiers whom the Spanish Government sent to California were enrolled as phlebotomists, their salaries averaging $450-$800 per annum. The lack of capable physicians led to the bleeders being consulted on all manner of cases, when the lancet was applied, whether the management of the case required it or not. The great Washington is said to have been the victim of an ill-timed lancet. Bleeding became so abused in this period of our medical history that the barbers added it to their repertoire, and finally became so proficient that Governor Diego de Borica in 1799 issued a *bando* prohibiting them from exercising that art. It is amusing to note at this period of medical history that the barber and surgeon were very closely allied. The father of Handel, the German-English composer, was a surgeon-barber, and the military surgeon of the period was often required to shave the regimental officer. There is no historical evidence to prove that our worthy Spanish predecessors were sprung from this school. On the contrary, they were, in several instances, graduates of renowned Spanish medical institutions.

That the surgeon-general at Monterey was often required to visit distant missions, ranchos and pueblos is verified by the Spanish records. In 1804 during the time Benites was surgeon at Monterey he was required by the Mexican Viceroy to visit a number of the missions on account of the alarming mortality. This he did and forwarded an able and exhaustive report of the diseases encountered and their treatment. In 1802 a number of the padres at the Mission San Miguel sickened and died. They were said to have been poisoned by the Indians. Doctor Morélos was hastened to the scene and made the investigation which followed.

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[6] Proceedings in the case for damages for alleged mal-practice in the performance of the Cæsarian operation, Elkanah H. Hodges and Mary E. Hodges, Plfs. vs. E. C. Cooper, Defendant, San Francisco, 1859.

THE MEXICAN PERIOD
1822-1848

To understand the medical status during the Mexican régime, it is necessary to take into consideration not only the political but the medical conditions of the times. During the Spanish days the surgeon-generals, with the help of the friars, who were provided with some medical training, could take care of the establishments under their charge; but in 1822, when Mexico assumed the reins of government, there was a much greater population—estimated at 16,000—to sponsor. There were many more scattered missions, pueblos and ranchos. When illness occurred in one of these communities, it was not easy to summon the one surgeon in the province. This gave rise, at least in the early days of this period, to the necessity of pressing into service individuals who had only acquired a smattering of medical knowledge. This accounts for drug clerks, dentists, hospital stewards, internes, phlebotomists and even surgeon-barbers taking the rôle of Doctor in their respective communities.

It is also necessary to remember that in the early days of the nineteenth century there were very few medical institutions in this country, and those were confined to large communities; so that it was not always easy for a man to attend one of them. This led in the more rural communities, as well as the cities, to a sort of medical indenture. A man wishing to become a physician bound himself to some recognized medical man in his community for a term of years, or until his preceptor considered his course complete. These men became self-styled "Doctors"; and it must be confessed there were many of this type in California during the Mexican and early American periods. In fact there were so many occupying such prominent positions in California communities that they broke up the first state medical society when that organization tried to enforce a law that no doctor could join the society unless he had received the degree of M. D. from some recognized medical college.

The Spanish régime was marked by a dearth in doctors, drugs and diseases. During the fifty odd years consumed in this period, there was never more than one doctor at one time in the whole province; so that it was well for the one doctor, sponsoring this enormous population, that there was a dearth also of diseases. The Spanish doctor dealt primarily with scurvy, chronic dysentery and phthisis, although lues was probably the captain of the men-of-death, as it was this disease that decimated the Indians; but the Mexican physician had to contend with a totally different category of ailments. With the coming of the

"gringo" an array of "winged and wan diseases" followed in his train, chief among which was the smallpox which first manifested itself in 1798. In 1834 it was particularly virulent in Sonoma. Some 12,000 Indians are said to have died there during that outbreak, and so fatal was the type that it was impossible to dig graves for the dead, and General Vallejo had them interred in trenches, often so shallow that the corpses were barely covered with earth, where they fell an easy prey to the hungry bears and wolves. Dr. Platon Vallejo*, the General's surviving son, tells a tragic story of one of the supposedly-dead smallpox victims of this epidemic being entombed alive in the trenches before death had claimed him. A hungry grizzly awoke him from his lethal sleep and his agonized cries brought help, but not until one leg was partially devoured by the bear. According to Bidwell, in 1844 there was an epidemic of smallpox at Monterey which started with Larkin's washer-woman, and after being contracted by the Larkin family spread from them to the community. The population at this time was "possibly 200 people besides the troops who numbered about 500." The mortality was frightful—out of this village, eighty died.[7]

In 1825 there was an epidemic of measles, and one of scarlatina shortly afterwards, and in 1834 the province was decimated by cholera.

Monterey continued to be the capital of the Mexican province, and the following surgeons comprised the medical staff not only of the Presidio but of the territory:

I. Evan Perez de Leon	1829
Manuel de Alva	1831-1840
Manuel Crespo	1832
Edward Bale	1840-1843
Fautino Moro	1844

Manuel de Alva was a Mexican surgeon who came to California with the Governor, Figueroa, who introduced printing into California. Although the Doctor was somewhat of a politician, he was devoted to his Governor; but in 1835 Figueroa died of apoplexy and having played a prominent part in the struggle for Mexican independence, he felt that the Republic would wish to pay him fitting honors when dead. So before succumbing, he requested that Doctor Alva embalm his remains and have them entombed in the vaults of the Mission at Santa Barbara, there to await the honors which a grateful Mexico would bestow upon him in their capital city. This the Doctor did, with the help of Dr.

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* As this article goes to press news reaches us of Dr. Platon Vallejo's death. A short account of his life will appear in the next issue of the *Quarterly*.

[7] Bidwell, John, *Life in California Before the Gold Discovery*, Century Magazine, December 1890.

James Stokes and Dr. F. M. Cooper, using a great quantity of arsenic. Ten years later they raised the lid of his casket, but nothing but ashes remained of the gubernatorial remains. Mexico never sent for them, and Alva blamed the arsenic: "Vanitas Vanitatis." Two years after Figueroa's death, Doctor Alva, with other Mexicans, revolted against Alvarado, for which he was arrested and confined at San Miguel; but escaping, he joined the Carrillo faction, only to be arrested again in 1838. He was released on a promise of non-interference in politics. At first he was noted as a free thinker, but at length, because of illness, became devout, and in 1840, obtaining a Mexican passport, he disappeared from the picture.

Manuel Crespo does not appear to have been an authorized surgeon, but a Mexican phlebotomist; and Fautino Moro played a small rôle for a brief period only as the Mexican "official de salud militar."

In 1837 there landed at Monterey a young English surgeon, Edward Turner Bale, probably the first Anglo-Saxon resident physician at Monterey. He was born in London, England, in 1811, and there was reared and educated in the medical profession. He was commissioned by the Queen as surgeon of the English ship "Harriet" which in the year 1837 made a trip around the Horn and to the California coast. He was a man of good education, but quarrelsome. Soon after his arrival, he married Maria Ignacia Soberanes, a niece of General Vallejo. The latter appointed him in 1840-1843 surgeon of the California forces, the only Anglo-Saxon who ever occupied that position. Soon after this appointment, he rented a room from the United States Consul Larkin with the idea of establishing a drug store. This degenerated into a liquor shop, and the Doctor came into collision with the authorities. In 1841, he became a Mexican citizen, and his wife's uncle, General Vallejo, presented him with four leagues of the finest land—the "Carne Humana" grant—in the neighborhood of Yount's "La Jota Rancho" in the beautiful Napa Valley. There he went on the expiration of his appointment with the California forces. Not long after his arrival at the rancho, Capitan Salvador Vallejo paid his household a visit. Salvador had been long absent at the Indian wars, and his niece, Mrs. Bale, delighted to see her uncle, expressed her pleasure most warmly and affectionately in true California fashion. But the Doctor, being extremely jealous of his handsome wife, resented the affectionate greetings bestowed and exchanged, and challenged Capitan Vallejo to a duel. The latter was the most famous swordsman of his day in California and far outclassed the Doctor, whom he whipped as if he wielded a willow stick instead of a sword, which so incensed the Doctor that he attempted to shoot his antagonist. This landed him in jail and almost cost him

his life. A number of foreigners, notably the Kelseys, attempted to rescue him, which caused great excitement.[8] In 1846 the Doctor established a grist mill. It was operated by water power and is still standing in that portion of the Bale grant known as the "Lyman place" and retains the name of the Bale Mill. The work of construction was let to Sam Brannan, the Mormon, who is said to have disappeared without paying his help.[9] According to another story, the mill was built by Florentine Erwin Kellogg, an immigrant of 1846, whom Doctor Bale engaged to do the work, paying 600 acres of his land for the job. These acres are right across from the old mill; and here lived the Kellogg family for many years.[10] In 1849 the Doctor caught the gold fever and went to the mines. There he contracted another more deadly. After returning to his ranch at St. Helena, he died in October of that year, leaving a large estate.

In spite of the surgeon-generals being stationed at Monterey, there were many times, during their absence from the capital, when the settlers or sojourners were dependent upon the visiting medical men aboard men-of-war, whalers or trading ships, and it is a tradition in the Field family that they often pressed into service these visiting medicos. William Heath Davis[11] narrates an occasion of this sort. In 1831 he visited Monterey aboard the bark "Louise." While she lay at anchor in the Bay, Davis fell into the main hatch, fractured his arm and was rendered unconscious. At the time there was no resident surgeon in Monterey, and had it not been for the presence of that distinguished Scotch doctor and botanist who has left his name forever associated with our noble fir and spruce trees, Davis could not have recounted that delightful reminiscence of Dr. David Douglas who came to these shores aboard the "Dryad" from the Columbia River country.

Speaking of fractures of the arm and the dearth of doctors, it is interesting to recall that the Portuguese navigator, Cabrillo, who first discovered these California shores in 1542, found a nameless grave on San Miguel Island in the Santa Barbara Channel, because he had fractured him arm and there was no surgeon aboard to set it properly.

It was a physician as well as naturalist, who came with the Russian exploring ship "Rurik" in 1816, Otto von Kotzbue, commander, who left his identity indelibly and perennially emblazoned on the California hillsides. Dr. Johann Friedrich von Eschscholtz left his name, as the

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[8] Dr. Platon Vallejo and Bancroft, *Works,* Vol. XIX, p. 708.

[9] *Illustrated History of Sonoma County,* Chicago, 1889, p. 703.

[10] *Historic Facts and Fancies,* History and Landmarks Section of California Federated Women's Clubs, San Francisco, n. d., p. 59.

[11] Davis, W. H., *Sixty Years in California.*

botanical cognomen of our famed poppy, which the Spaniards had earlier appropriately hailed as the "Copa de Oro."

Alfred Robinson, who lived in San Diego, in 1829 records[12] that there were no doctors in that country and every foreigner was supposed to know something of the practice of medicine. One night shortly after his arrival, being called upon to prescribe for a woman in great abdominal pain, he suggested a few drops of laudanum, which immediately relieved the sufferer, and established his fame as a medico. He states that had he been so inclined and willing to furnish the medicines himself, he could have had a good practice. To illustrate the point further, he narrates the tale of an absconding American sailor who deserted his whaling ship at a neighboring port and walked to Santa Barbara where he set himself up as a physician. His efforts were soon crowned with success among the ignorant class where his pretended remedies wrought marvelous cures. But his medicines could not have withstood the acid test of the present day pure food laws to say nothing of the prohibition agents, as his nostrums reeked of "aguardiente."

Bidwell, a pioneer of '41, also notes that there were at this time no regular physicians in California. Although in part mistaken in this statement, he narrates an interesting and amusing incident apropros of what has just been written. Late in 1843, in a company that came from Oregon was one Joe Meeks,[13] a noted Rocky Mountain character. On the way, he said: "Boys, when I get down to California among the greasers I am going to palm myself off as a doctor"; and from that time he was dubbed "Doctor Meeks." He was so ignorant that he could neither read nor write; but the people of California, like those of other communities, loved a new doctor, and as soon as they heard of his arrival in Monterey, they flocked to him with their ailments. With his very first case he attained not only success but renown. A boy came to him who had just had a toe cut off. Luckily "Doctor Meeks" happened to be near at hand. He stuck the still warm toe in its rightful place and bound and poulticed it with mud. Tradition says it grew on again. Micheltorena, the governor, was so delighted with this aspect of modern surgery that he employed him personally, and the Californians were completely taken in by his reticence which impressed these children as wisdom in abeyance. In addition, Meeks had

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[12] Robinson, Alfred, *Life in California*, N. Y. 1846, pp. 65-66.

[13] Bidwell, John, *Life in California Before the Gold Discovery*, Century Magazine, December 1890, p. 175. Mrs. Victor in her *River of the West* tells of a Joseph Meek, but the description of him does not seem to tally with the Joe Meeks of Bidwell's article.

a habit of looking and acting very wise, especially when people talked about things of which he was ignorant. But one day this self-styled doctor was called upon to prescribe some medicine in a case where such a procedure was not only indicated but desired; so he visited the little shop kept by Dr. James Stokes, whose chief claim to fame lay in the fact that he had assisted at the Figueroa embalming. Stokes was about as much of a real doctor as Meeks, but had the advantage that he had been a hospital steward on board an English ship, and had brought ashore along with his title of doctor a medicine sea chest, fitted out with apothecary scales, a little store of medicines and a doctor's book telling him when, how and under what conditions to administer them to the sick. So Meeks went to him and said: "Doctor, I want you to put me up some powders." Stokes brought out his scales and medicine chest and demand: "What kind of powders?" "Just common powders—patient not very sick." "If you tell me what kind of powders, Dr. Meeks." But all the wise Joe Meeks would say was "Oh, just common powders."

Doctor Stokes told about Monterey that Meeks knew nothing about drugs or medicine; but the Californians felt this was probably professional jealousy and a lack of the same etiquette, and that probably Doctor Meeks had written his prescription in Latin and that Stokes was unable to read it. But Meeks' medical career was drawing to a final catastrophic dénouement. An American man-of-war sailed into the harbor. Her commander and officers including the surgeon were entertained by Thomas O. Larkin, the U. S. Consul at Monterey, and Doctor Meeks was presented to them. The surgeon was interested in the diseases incident to California and quizzed Meeks regarding them. But the latter shut up like a clam, saying only that he was disgusted and was going out of practice because he could not get medicines. The surgeon was very sympathetic and said: "Doctor Meeks, if you will make out a list I will very cheerfully divide with you such medicines as I can spare." Meeks did not know the name of one kind of medicine to say nothing of several, and tried evasion, but the surgeon cornered him and put the question so direct that he was compelled to answer. He asked him what medicine he needed most. Finally, Meeks said he wanted some "draps", and that was all that could be elicited. When the story came out his career as a doctor terminated, and he dropped out of sight.[14]

Santa Barbara's first physician was neither a sheep-skinned M. D., nor was he an imposter attempting to foist himself upon the public,

[14] Bidwell, John, *Life in California Before the Gold Discovery,* Century Magazine, December, 1890.

but he was an old trapper, a native of Maine endowed with all the lore of the woods, and the trail, and trained in the emergency school of the frontier. These hunters possessed considerable medical skill. Kit Carson, the hero of a thousand frontier romances, at the age of eighteen and equipped with only a razor and a handsaw, helped to amputate the shattered arm of one of his comrades, and seared the blood vessels with a heated iron bar. Bard says "the stump would have reflected credit upon the modern aseptic surgeon." Pegleg Smith, the "El Cojo Smith" of Bancroft, having had his leg mangled by an Indian's bullet, with a courage born of determination and necessity, ligated his own shattered limb with a buckskin thong taken from his hunting coat and then courageously amputated the useless member with his hunting knife. Of this heroic school, Isaac Sparks was a disciple and he practiced at Santa Barbara from 1833 to 1841.

In 1836, Nicholas Augustus Den arrived in Santa Barbara aboard the "Kent." He came from an excellent Irish family and was a brother of "Don Ricardo." Dr. Nicholas had studied medicine at the University of Dublin, although he was not a graduate. On arriving at Santa Barbara, he acquired considerable property, notably the rancho "Los Dos Pueblos" in remembrance of the time when two Indian cities were situated upon it. He married a daughter of Daniel Hill who had been in California since the 20's, and launched his career as a cattle man—following the pursuit of pastoral California—in which he amassed a fortune. The rancho "Los Pueblos" alone was patented for 15,000 acres which he bequeathed to his heirs. Although being preeminently a cattle man, it was a kindly, generous and brave heart that beat in his bosom. In the late fifties, when the San Francisco Vigilance Committee was hounding Edward McGowan for his supposed connection with the assassination of James King of William and had placed a price upon the former's head, alive or dead, it was Doctor Den who harbored that fugitive at Santa Barbara, and it is to "Nicholas A. Den, M. D.," that McGowan inscribed his "Narrative."[15] But the Doctor is best remembered for his kindness and consideration of the early settlers. In a day when medical men were few, he was frequently called upon to relieve their sufferings. Although he avoided acquiring a practice, yet he never refused a call for help nor did he ever exact a fee. As a phlebotomist, he was particularly adept.

William Streeter was another pioneer medico of Santa Barbara. He had studied in several medical offices in New York, but had never acquired a diploma. He, with Stephen Smith of Peru, is said to have

[15] McGowan, Edward, *Narrative,* San Francisco, 1857, pp. 26-70.

brought the first steam engine to California, which they set up at Bodega.

Probably the first regular M. D. to settle in Santa Barbara was Doctor James L. Ord, assistant surgeon of Co. F., Third United States Artillery. He arrived there in 1847. The first time he did not remain long, but he returned later to spend the greater part of his life there. Early in his career, he married one of the handsome daughters of the de la Guerra family. Thus allied to one of the proud old Spanish-Californian families, he occupied an unique position in the early annals of California. For his surgery, he had a reputation up and down the California coast, and was frequently called to distant ports, notably to Monterey, to operate. Doctor Ord was a native of Maryland, and through his veins coursed not only the blue blood of the old South, but the bluest of England, as his father was the romantic offspring of King George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he, as the Prince of Wales, had married in December, 1785.[16]

Another interesting figure of the 50's was Ramon de la Cuestà. He also was not an M. D., but he served some time as an interne in a hospital, and although he had no desire to practice medicine, so successful was he in the treatment of diseases of children, that he was continually in demand in his neighborhood. He thus became the pioneer pediatrician in California.

Dr. James B. Shaw, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, was a pioneer of 1850 and he became the first president of the Santa Barbara County Medical Society, and one of the distinguished physicians of that community.

Although Los Angeles was founded in 1771 when it had a population of forty-four, it was not until January, 1836, with a population of some 1,250 souls that the first physician appeared. Dr. John Marsh who came by way of Santa Fé proved to be one of the most interesting figures that ever entered California. He was a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Danvers, June 5, 1799—a direct descendant of John Marsh who arrived in Massachusetts in 1634 and became minister of the first church at Salem, Massachusetts. Doctor Marsh prepared for college at Phillip's Academy, Andover, entered Harvard at the age of eighteen, and from that college received his degree in letters if not in medicine. After his graduation he spent two years at Fort Snelling, now St. Paul, Minnesota, where he had the appointment of instructor of officers' children. Later he became an Indian agent of the Sioux tribe in the same state. While there he took up the study of

[16] *Memoirs of James Ord of Ord Rancho,* California, edited by Henry N. Shoemaker, Altoona, Pa., 1920.

Dr. Nicholas Den of Santa Barbara

Dr. Richard Den of Los Angeles

Photographs from the California State Library, Sacramento.

medicine under a physician who died before Marsh completed the regular course. During the Black Hawk war he held a command. Then he sailed down the Mississippi for the Far West, thus fulfilling that prophetic speech of his childhood "I shall make my home beyond the Rocky Mountains;" and arriving in Missouri, he went into the mercantile business at St. Joseph, remaining there until 1835, when he started for the Far West on horseback, accompanying an exploring expedition that traversed Chihuahua and Sonora, crossed the Gila near the tide-water of the Gulf of California and entered this State at its southernmost boundary, from thence proceeding to Los Angeles. Portions of his life history read like a romance, as will be observed from this incident that occurred during his western journey: Inadvertently wandering away from his party, he was captured on the plains by the Indians while they were in the midst of exorcising an evil spirit. They were determined to offer him as a sacrifice, and he was saved only by wooing and marrying the chief's pretty daughter, who interceded for him in much the same manner as did Pocahontas for Captain John Smith. Sometime afterward the band crossed the old Santa Fé trail and Doctor Marsh escaped, having the good fortune to fall in with a caravan which finally landed him in California.[17] For awhile he resided in Los Angeles. In the archives of that city, the following record is found:

> . . . A petition from foreigner, Don Juan Marchet (John Marsh, the sound of sh at the ending of a word is unknown to the Spanish tongue;) a native of United States of the North, was read. He asks that this illustrious (honorable) Ayuntamiento consider him as having appeared, he declaring his intention of establishing (locating) in this city, and also that he is a physician and surgeon. The illustrious Ayuntamiento decided, in conformity with the law of April 14, 1828, Art. 3, as follows: Record and forward the certified copy, solicited, reminding said Marchet (Marsh) that he cannot practice surgery until he has obtained permission from the Ayuntamiento." . . . (Minutes of this meeting were signed:) "Manuel Requena, Pres.; Tiburcio Tapia, Rafael Guirado, Sasilio Valdez, José Ma. Herrera, Abel Stearns, Narcisco Botello."
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> At page 117 of Archives (session of 25th February, 1836,) this minute occurs: . . . A petition from Mr. Juan Marchet (Marsh) asking to be permitted to practice his profession, was read. The Ill. Body decided to give him permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct, and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community.[18]

As his Harvard diplomas were written in Latin, no member of the Illustrious Body of the Ayuntamiento could read them. Neither could anyone else in Los Angeles of the period designated, so it was necessary

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[17] Hulaniski, F. J., *History of Contra Costa County*, Berkeley, 1917, pp. 20 and 133.

[18] Archives of Los Angeles, Translations, Vol. 2, p. 113 (session of the Ayuntamiento or Town Council, of 18th February, 1836).

to take them to San Gabriel for the mission padres to translate.[19] There they were found correct and the Doctor was granted a license to practice. So he set up his office, and must have had a considerable clientele, as there was no competition. Neither was there any money in the old pueblo, and he had to take his fees in horses, cattle and hides.

This seems to have bothered the Doctor considerably, as Bancroft notes his parsimony; and as it was difficult to carry such currency around he decided to abandon the pursuits of Aesculapius, and take to the pasture and range. This he did in 1837. The same year his name appears upon Larkin's books at Monterey, and shortly afterwards he acquired Noriega's rancho of "Los Médanos" in the shadows of Mount Diablo near the modern town of Brentwood. It was ten by twelve leagues in extent and lay in the heart of Contra Costa County along the San Joaquin River. Here he became the pioneer physician of the district and accumulated great wealth in livestock. His nearest neighbors were eight to twelve miles away. He established his residence[20] in a small adobe building not far from where he built the famous stone house that was subsequently occupied by John Muir. Here he virtually lived the life of a hermit employing a few vaqueros to take care of his stock and to raise the beans, corn, melons, etc., necessary for home consumption. In appearance he was tall and commanding; as a young man he was athletic and he remained active and alert throughout his eventful life. Versatile and many-sided, his mind, as young as his body, was sound and logical, his spirit resolute and adventurous and so courageous, that in a day when all men went armed to the teeth, he carried no protective weapon. He had seen much of life, was a keen observer of men and events, and a man of much general information; and was a thorough French and English scholar. Although Bidwell had many reasons for not being enthusiastic about the Doctor, he speaks of him as being "in some respects a remarkable man. In command of the English language, I have scarcely ever seen his equal. He had never studied medicine, I believe, but was a great reader; sometimes he would lie in bed all day reading, and he had a memory that stereotyped all that he read. In those days in California such a man could easily assume the rôle of doctor and practice medicine. In fact, with the exception of Doctor Marsh, there was no physician of any kind any

[19] Kress and Lindley, *History of the Medical Profession in Southern California*, 2d edition, Los Angeles 1910, p. 11.

The Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue shows that Marsh received his A. B. degree in 1823, no mention being made of an M. D.

[20] Bryant, Edwin, *What I Saw in California*, etc., 2d edition, New York, 1848, p. 303. The dwelling is a small one-story house, rudely constructed of adobes and divided into two or three apartments. The flooring is of earth like the walls, a table or two, and some benches and a bed, are all the furniture it contains.

where in California."[21] In 1841 Dr. Charles Pickering[22] connected with Wilkes'[23] United States Exploring Expedition, an old Harvard classmate of Marsh's, visited him at the rancho and found him living in the little adobe. Here they spent some time together and in trips about the country, Marsh acting as guide. In accounts published later by his guests, both Wilkes and Pickering speak of him in glowing terms and consider him the best authority on information regarding California. Marsh wrote many letters and articles on his adopted state. A number, dated 1840-46, were published in the New Orleans *Picayune,* and others in the California *Star* under the dates of April 10, May 1-8, and December 4, 1847, February 26 and May 13, 1848, and were signed "Essex" and "Agricola." It was one of the Doctor's letters written to a friend (possibly Lewis Cass) in Jackson County, Missouri, and published in a Missouri paper in 1840,[24] that was instrumental in bringing the Bidwell party, the first immigrants to cross the plains, into California.[25] The General and his party in a half-starved condition arrived late one night at Marsh's rancho. They were overjoyed to find an American. The Doctor, too, seemed delighted to have his countrymen with him and by way of celebrating their arrival killed and roasted two pigs. The starving immigrants were grateful for anything fat after the poor mule meat that had sustained them across the desert and Sierra, but they were still more grateful when he used his seed wheat and his Indian cook made each one of the party of twenty-two a tortilla. In fact, the poor starved boys were so touched, that having no money, they expressed their gratitude by giving the Doctor some of their prized mementoes which they had cherished all the way across the plains. One gave a butcher knife, another a serviceable set of surgical instruments, another a bar of lead and another a prized can of powder. Then they went to bed, cheered in soul and body and a grateful feeling in their hearts. Bidwell arose early the next morning filled with the enthusiasm of finding out something of California and his future home. He sought out the Doctor, but strange as it would seem, the latter would

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[21] Bidwell, John, *Echoes of the Past,* Chico, California.

[22] Pickering, Charles, M.D., *The Races of Man,* London, 1850.

[23] Wilkes, Charles, *Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition,* N. Y., 1851.

[24] *History of Merced County,* Elliot and Moore Publishing Company, 1881, p. 35 and *History of Kern County,* Moore Publishing Company, 1882, p. 35. Both contain copies of the Lewis Cass letter.

It was the historical letters of Doctor Marsh addressed to the Honorable Lewis Cass, then Secretary of State, that largely influenced him to close the deal and take over California with its eight hundred miles of coast line. Had he done no more than this, the great service was monumental and deserving of our highest consideration. Hulaniski, *History of Contra Costa County.*

[25] Guinn, J. M., Publications Historical Society Southern California, 1902.

scarcely answer a question, and his ill humor was so great that he said: "Your company has already been over a hundred dollars expense to me, and God knows whether I will ever get a real of it or not." The Mexican Governor considered Bidwell's party an armed force invading the country, and because they had no passports, he clapped them all into jail at San José; and then Doctor Marsh had to go to vouch for them. The trip required three days, and he charged each one of the party five dollars for his passport which further incensed Bidwell and his company, but this would seem fair enough considering the time and trouble involved. Neither does Bancroft eulogize this pioneer medico, but writes that he was peculiar, generally disagreeable, and was notorious for his parsimony. Yet he was honest and was possessed of more than ordinary ability. Several of the Californians,[26] notably Vallejo,[27] speak of him in terms of the warmest praise. Bancroft says that like many of the pioneers, he espoused a native Californian by whom he had several children. Be that as it may—on June 24, 1851, he married Miss Abbie Tuck of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, who left her home in 1850, and voyaged to California, settling in Santa Clara. After a brief courtship, she married the Doctor, and after an even briefer wedded life she terminated her great adventure and died leaving a little daughter, Alice, who subsequently became Mrs. W. W. Cameron of Oakland. About the time of this marriage, the Doctor left the little adobe for the magnificence of the "stone house," and although lonely he was no longer isolated. The march of civilization had robbed him of his solitude, and his countrymen hemmed in his lordly domain.

In 1856 while enroute to Martinez, he was accosted by three horsemen, one of whom, Olivas, had been in his service as a vaquero; and while Olivas looked on from his saddle, his accomplice, Moreno, jumped into the Doctor's buggy and plunged a dagger into his left side. In the grey dawn of September 29, his friends discovered the Doctor in the roadside ditch, his pockets rifled, his throat cut—dead.[28]

The murderer escaped, but the law searched out the guilty Moreno, and ten years later apprehended him, sentencing him on Friday, November 29, 1867, to life imprisonment.

The Doctor's rancho is still known as the "Marsh Grant."

Another early physician of Contra Costa County was S. J. Tennent.

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[26] *History of Contra Costa County,* W. A. Slocum and Co., San Francisco, 1882, p. 605.

[27] Vallejo, Mss., Vol. V, Bancroft Library.

[28] Tinkham, George H., *A History of Stockton,* San Francisco, 1880, p. 58. Doctor Marsh was murdered by being lassoed by two Mexicans, who dragged him from the buggy while riding to Martinez and strangled him. Also see *Union,* November 30, 1867, Verdict of the Jury in the murder of Doctor Marsh.

Born in Liverpool, England, January 5, 1818, he was educated in London, where he was a pupil of his uncle, Dr. John Johnson, and finished his medical education as surgeon and general practitioner, at the London University. He then shipped on board a whaling vessel, as surgeon, and in the course of time arrived at the Sandwich Islands. Due to a disagreement between himself and the captain, he left the vessel and took up his quarters on shore. There he practiced his profession for some time, and subsequently became collector of the port of Lahoina Main, and received the appointment of physician to the King of the Sandwich Islands.

Following the discovery of gold, Dr. Tennent visited the Pacific Coast, then having the intention of returning, but on September 8, 1849, he married Rafaela, daughter of Don Ignacio Martinez, who was a former Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, and who likewise filled the office of Alcalde there for a short time. By the above union there was a family of ten children, five of whom are now living. The Doctor did not practice his profession after 1849, but gave his attention to farming and stock raising on the Pinole ranch.

At Sutter's Fort was Dr. George McKinstry who went to the aid of the Donner Party and later settled at San Diego. In September, 1845, Dr. W. B. Gildea, a dentist from St. Louis, arrived at the Fort with the Swasey-Todd party and was welcomed by Captain Sutter, who put him in charge of the pharmacy and made him physician of the fort, a position he filled until death terminated his career in January, 1846.[29]

A most interesting figure in the Los Angeles medical world in the days "before the 'gringo' came" was Dr. Richard Somerset Den. The Angelenos, who held him not only with esteem, but with affection, dubbed him "Don Ricardo," and he fits most magnificently into our ideas of the "splendid idle forties." He was an Irishman of culture and refinement and was born in Garandara, County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1821, of a noble family of Franco-Norman and Anglo-Norman descent which had arrived in Ireland in the reign of King Henry II, A. D. 1171. Their adhesion to King Charles I led to the confiscation of their property by Cromwell. Young Den received his preliminary education in Dublin, then entered the City Infirmary and Leper Hospital at Waterford, remaining there for six years during the summer sessions. In December, 1839, having completed the regular courses of instruction and practice of midwifery in Dublin, he passed his examinations, and afterwards received his first qualifications as obstetrician in April, 1840. At a public examination of students, of the first class, held at the

[29] Swasey, W. F., *Early Days and Men of California,* Oakland, California, 1891.

original School of Anatomy, Medicine and Surgery, in Dublin, the first certificate was awarded him in the three branches of his profession. He continued his studies until August, 1842, when he received his final qualifications. Then he obtained the appointment of surgeon of the fine ship "Glenswilly" of Glasgow, which left London dock August 29, 1842, bound for India, with special passengers for Melbourne, Australia. Some of these passengers were men of wealth and influence, leaving England with their servants and retainers, intending to settle in a new country. On seeing the fine looking, but very young doctor, these men thought him unfit for the responsible position of surgeon. But his friend, Lord Pirie, the Lord Mayor of London, quieted their apprehensions, and when the passengers learned of the high honors he had received at his examinations, and of the length of time he had devoted to his studies, they raised no further objections. December 3, 1842, the Doctor had the privilege of landing his charges safe and well at Melbourne. Not a single death had occurred during the voyage and the passengers begged him to remain in the Antipodes, but after a month, the course of the "Glenswilly" having been changed from India, he set sail for Valparaiso, and Mazatlan, arriving July 23, 1843. There he received news of his brother, Nicholas Den of Santa Barbara, whom he had not seen for many years. Hailing this intelligence with delight, he determined to visit his brother, and resigned his position as surgeon and took passage on the bark "Clarita" bound for California, Captain Walter commanding. On August 21, he was at San Pedro and took passage on the boat "California" in command of Captain Arthur, with W. D. M. Howard as assistant supercargo. Nine days later, September 1, 1843, he arrived at Santa Barbara, at the age of twenty-two years.

After paying his brother a short visit his intentions were to return home; but months passed without any vessel touching these almost unknown shores. In the meantime he became attached to the country, and to the courteous, kind-hearted Californians. His professional services being in demand, he determined to cast his lot among them. During the winter of 1843-1844, he was called to Los Angeles to perform some difficult operations. So successful was their outcome that all the inhabitants, native and foreign, signed a petition begging him to remain and practice there. In reply he said he had not made up his mind to remain in California, but should he do so, it would be to practice in Los Angeles. This promise he fulfilled the latter part of July, 1844, and there he remained until the breaking out of the gold excitement.

Before returning to Los Angeles, he visited Monterey and it is a matter of record "that Dr. R. S. Den in obedience to the Laws of

Mexico relating to foreigners, did present his diplomas as physician and surgeon to the government of the country, March 14, 1844, and that he received a special licence to practice from said government."[30]

In 1846-47 during the Mexican War, the Doctor acted as chief physician and surgeon of the Mexican forces located in Southern California. Among the American prisoners that fell to his care were Don Benito Wilson and Thomas O. Larkin, the only American Consul ever appointed to California under Mexican and Spanish rule. Becoming surety for Larkin, he was instrumental in the removal of the former to more healthful quarters where he attended him during his illness. According to Doctor Den, Governor Flores, commander-in-chief of the military forces in the Californias, despite reports to the contrary, was very considerate and humane to the prisoners and acted on any suggestion by Doctor Den that would alleviate the condition of the prisoners. Throughout those stirring times, Doctor Den permitted no prejudice to overcome his zeal for his chosen profession, and ministered to the wants of suffering humanity irrespective of nationality, and he was loved and respected accordingly.

In 1848 the Doctor organized at his own expense a prospecting party and started north for Sullivan's Diggings in Calaveras County near Angel's Camp. During 1848-49, he mined with varying success; finally, perceiving that his professional services were needed on account of the prevalence of malarial and intermittent fevers in that district, he discharged his men and entered into the practice of medicine. He did this not so much for pecuniary gain as to relieve the sufferings of his fellowmen. Whether a man was "broke" or not made no difference as long as his services were required. Nevertheless, it may be recorded that in one day he was paid over $1000 for medical attendance. At that time gold dust was the medium of exchange, being worth $14 an ounce in San Francisco.

After a few months' practice, he removed to San Francisco where he became one of the seven original organizers of the Society of California Pioneers. They met in 1850 at the office of William D. M. Howard, on Montgomery Street. Soon afterward he returned to Los Angeles, where he remained until 1854 when business with the interests of his San Marcos cattle rancho of eight leagues in Santa Barbara County called him there. In 1859 the Doctor had so prospered that he determined to sell his rancho and cattle and return to Ireland and redeem the castle and ancient estates which his ancestors had occupied for four hundred and fifty years before Cromwell confiscated them.

[30] Medical Directory, 1878.

Alas, for the best laid plans of mice and men! The great California drought[31] was ushered in and in a single season, his wealth—over 2,000 head of horned cattle—lay bleaching on the parched California hillsides. January, 1866, found him again in Los Angeles, at the age of forty-five, and there he remained practicing his profession and endearing himself to his patients, among whom he ranked many of the leading men and women of California—not of one but of several generations. His long career as physician, surgeon and obstetrician was distinguished by many noble qualities—honor, integrity, lofty-minded strength of purpose and a scrupulous regard for the true ethics of his profession. Many of the Spanish people in olden times had such faith in Doctor Den's skill that their confidence in him was crystallized into this proverb: "Despues de Dios, Doctor Don Ricardo" (After God, Doctor Richard).

His hobby was horse racing; his magnificent black steeds being bred for him on his rancho at San Marcos, Santa Barbara. He is said never to have made a professional visit for less than $20. Newmark writes*: "he was seldom seen except on horseback, in which fashion he visited his patients and, was, all in all, somewhat a man of mystery. He rode a magnificent coal-black charger, and was himself always dressed in black. He wore, too, a black felt hat; and beneath the hat there clustered a mass of wavy hair as white as snow. In addition to all this, his standing collar was so high that he was compelled to hold his head erect; and as if to offset the immaculate linen, he tied around the collar a large black silk scarf. Thus attired and seated on his richly-caparisoned horse, Dr. Den appeared always dignified, and even imposing." One of his associates, Dr. Walter Lindley, recalls him as "impressive" and that his magnificent black horse was always groomed to perfection. Doctor Den himself was invariably well groomed, being at all times dressed as though he were going to a wedding. But he never attended his own, and died at an advanced age a bachelor.

Newmark also records John G. Downey as one of the medical advisers of an early day in Los Angeles. He was an Irishman by birth, and after being apprenticed to the drug trade in Maryland and Ohio, opened a drug store in Los Angeles about 1854 with James P. MacFarland. Their store was a long, one-story adobe at the corner of Los Angeles and Commercial streets. Here Downey, although only a drug clerk, dabbled in the practice of medicine. In 1859 he became Lieutenant Governor of California, and later Governor on the resignation of

[31] Cleland, Robert G., *California, The American Period,* New York, 1923, p. 308. It is said 30,000 head of cattle died on the Stearns' ranchos alone. The great drought of 1863-64 put an end to cattle raising as the distinctive industry of Southern California; as a result some ranges were assessed ten cents an acre.

* Newmark, Harris, *Sixty Years in California,* 1916, pp. 107-108.

Latham; and probably would have scaled still higher the political ladder had not his suddenly revealed sympathies with the Secessionists killed him politically.

Dr. J. T. Griffin was another well-loved physician, not only among the pioneers, but among a later generation. He was chief surgeon of the First Dragoons and came with General Kearny overland to San Diego in 1846, and from there to Los Angeles in January, 1847, where he had charge of the General Hospital. But his medical history there really began in 1854 and terminated August 23, 1898. He was a brother-in-law of General Albert Sidney Johnston of Civil War fame. He himself was a Virginian and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Lindley says "he carried a brusque and somewhat forbidding mask to cover a tender, generous heart." His fame may be measured by the fact that he was summoned to San Francisco as a consultant on the renowned James King of William case.

Of quite another ilk was William Money, a Scotchman, who arrived in Los Angeles, in 1844, "as the servant of a scientific man whose methods and ideas he adopted."[32] He practiced for a long time after his arrival, and in 1855 issued the first medical book published in California *The California Family Medical Instructor* which contained his three physical systems, fifty plates of the human body and a list of five thousand patients who had been under his care, of whom only four died while under his treatment. It is said that not a copy of the book exists today, for the following reason: "not that the book was fatal to the reader; it had very few, but the readers were fatal to the book"—they could not throw it away fast enough. But Money was torn between his love of science and his passion for religion: Cowan records in his bibliography his second book entitled *Reform of the New Testament Church. By William Money, bishop, deacon, doctor, and defender of the faith of Jesus Christ.* This self-constituted doctor and self-anointed bishop died in 1890 at San Gabriel, and left many tomes of early California medical history and his own scientific deductions, all of which were lost.

The first doctor in San Diego was Pedro Prat, who founded the tent hospital at Dead Men's Point. If there were any medical men at the old Presidio, history does not mention it. In 1829 when Alfred Robinson was living there, he was eagerly sought out by a distraught mother to relieve her suffering daughter and, as earlier related, had he so desired he could have set himself up in practice, such faith had the Californians in a foreigner's knowledge of medicine. For the twenty years that preceded the Mexican War, there was no resident physician

[32] Bancroft, *Works,* Vol. XXI, p. 743.

in San Diego. The first American doctors were the United States Army surgeons who came with the troops—Lewis B. Hunter and R. F. Maxwell, the surgeons of the "Cyane," and the three doctors with Frémont's battalion who arrived July 29, 1846—although at first these doctors did not remain. In November, 1846, Commodore Stockton arrived with his ships, and his surgeons did duty on shore. After the Battle of San Pasqual, they were augmented by the surgeon with Kearny's force, Dr. John T. Griffin, to whom we have alluded several times. As there was no hospital in San Diego, the wounded were quartered with private families in the town where the surgeons could visit them. From this time on, San Diego was never left without her quota of medical men.

James Ohio Pattie, a Kentucky trader, played the rôle of one of San Diego's greatest medical benefactors. It was in the days (1828) of Echeandia, the Mexican governor, that Pattie and his father arrived in San Diego. The former threw them both into jail, where the father promptly died; and James Ohio would have shared the same fate had it not been for his knowledge and possession of a medical fact and the means of making use of it. Smallpox was raging in California. Already many thousands of the Indians and Spaniards had died, and Echeandia trembled in his gubernatorial mansion. In exchange for his freedom, Pattie, who possessed some vaccine, promised to vaccinate him and everyone else in the territory; so he was liberated and began his Herculean task at San Diego with the Governor, the missionaries, and then the garrison and neophytes. From there he worked northward, eventually reaching San Francisco and the Russian colony at Bodega. In all, Pattie claims[33] that he vaccinated twenty-two thousand persons. For vaccinating the Bodega colony, the Russians gave him $100. For his great service to the Territory of California, Padre Juan Cabortes, probably in the name of the governor, offered him five hundred cattle and five hundred mules with land on which to pasture the same, providing he would embrace Catholicism, and become a Mexican citizen, both of which propositions he refused.[34] But to him belongs the honor of having vaccinated at any one time more people than any other one man, doctor or otherwise, before or since in California history.

One of the earliest San Diego practitioners was Dr. George Mc Kinstry Jr., a Virginian, who practiced there for over twenty years. Before he settled there he had an adventurous career, being the first sheriff of the northern district at Sutter's Fort and a hero of the Donner party rescue, for whom on account of his medical knowledge he was

[33] Pattie, James O., *Personal Narrative,* Cincinnati 1833, p. 217.

[34] Bancroft, *Works,* Vol. XX, pp. 167-169.

able to apply relief measures; but he was never able to settle down to the general routine and grind of a practitioner. There were many days when he answered the call and disappeared for a long time among the Indians.

Other pioneers were Drs. Frederick J. Painter, Minder, Burr, D. B. Hoffman, and Robert H. Gregg. Dr. Cephas L. Bard was the first graduate physician to locate at Ventura. He was a native of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and although by point of date he really belongs in a later period, by point of contact he belongs to the Spanish pioneer days. He spent his medical life in the saddle, acquired the Spanish language and traversed pioneer roads in good and rainy weather. During the Civil War, he fought in the Battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Later in life he built a memorial hospital to his mother and gave it to his adopted city; and when he came to lay down his life, he left a remembrance of gratitude and affection upon the heart of the whole community. He had several worthy predecessors among the early pioneers who possessed some knowledge of medicine, but no medical degree, notably Doctor Pali, a Castilian, Dr. James C. Isbell, and Don José Arnaz, a man of ability who gave his services gratuitously.

In the north, although the Mission Dolores and the Presidio date from 1776, the medical history of the peninsula did not begin until the naming of the cove which extended between Clark's Point in the northwest to Rincon Point in the southeast—Yerba Buena. It derived this name from the plant, a species of *Micromeria* which grew luxuriantly on the hillsides flanking the cove. *Yerba Buena* was a great favorite among the Indians who proved its medical worth as a febrifuge, emmenagogue, carminative and anthelmintic, and the early Spaniards added it to their pharmacopoeia. Up to 1835, the cove was used only as an anchorage for vessels, but during that year Captain W. A. Richardson was appointed the first harbor master and "erected the first house or description of dwelling"[35] at Yerba Buena—simply a large tent stretched on redwood posts. A year later Jacob P. Leese built the second house and the first store in the village. On the first of April, 1837, he married General Vallejo's sister, and the year following Rosalie Leese, the first child born in Yerba Buena, arrived on the scene. But there is no evidence that an M.D. presided at the momentous occasion, and it is probable that a *partera* or midwife, or a *partero* or male midwife, a functionary peculiar to the native Californians, did the honors. In 1836 Nathan Spear, a native of Boston, where he had been

[35] Soulé, *Annals of San Francisco*, N. Y. 1855, p. 163.

in the drug business, formed a partnership with Leese in the store which the latter had already founded. And although the village grew but slowly, when any of the settlers for miles around were ill, Spear was pressed into service on account of his superior knowledge regarding drugs. In 1844 there were only a half dozen houses and a population not exceeding fifty persons at Yerba Buena. In 1846 the population numbered two hundred; in 1847, there were seventy-nine buildings and a population of 459, and out of this number three were doctors:[36] Dr. Victor J. Fourgeaud, Dr. John Townsend, Dr. E. P. Jones.

That Doctor Marsh was in Yerba Buena in March 1837, is proved by a letter in his handwriting written from that place and still in existence.[37]

The very first resident graduate doctor of Yerba Buena and later of San Francisco was Dr. John Townsend, a thoroughly educated physician, a man prominent in every community in which he ever had lived, who, had he so chosen could have settled anywhere in "The States" and won renown and fortune. He was possessed of that spirit of adventure which continually led him westward in search of new fields to conquer. Bancroft says he was a Virginian; undoubtedly he was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. His father, John Townsend, was an Englishman and one of the pioneers of that section.[38] Doctor Townsend received his first degree in medicine at Lexington Medical College. He successfully and successively practiced in Penn-

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[36] *Id.*, p. 178.

[37] Kress and Lindley, *History of the Medical Profession of Southern California*, Los Angeles 1910, 2d ed. (first ed. destroyed in Times catastrophe) p. 11:

Yerba Buena, March 27, 1837.

Dear sir:

I have been wandering about the country for several weeks and gradually becoming acquainted both with it and its inhabitants. This is the best part of the country, as you very well know, and is in fact the only part that is at all adapted to agriculturists from our country. Nothing more is wanted but just and equal laws and a government—yes, any government that can be permanent and combine the confidence and good will of those who think. I have good hope, but not unmixed with doubt and apprehension. News has just arrived that an army from Sonora is on its march for the conquest and plunder of California. Its force is variously stated from two to 600 men. This, of course, keeps everything in a foment.

I have had a choice of two districts of land offered to me, and in a few days I shall take one or the other. A brig of the H. B. Co. [Hudson Bay Co.] is here from the Columbia with Capt. [Ewing] Young (who has come to buy cattle) and other gentlemen of the company. I have been at the headwaters of the Sacramento and met with near a hundred people from the Columbia; in fact, they and the people here regard each other as neighbors. Indeed, a kinder spirit exists here and less of prejudice and distrust to foreigners than in the purlieus of the City of Angels.

It is my intention to undergo the ceremony of baptism in a few days, and shortly need the certificate of my application for letters of naturalization. My application was made to the Most Illustrious Council of the City of Angels, I think in the month of January, last year [1836]. I wish you would do me the favor to obtain a certificate in the requisite form and direct it to me at Monterey to the care of Mr. Spence. Mr. Spear is about to remove to this place. Capt. Steele's ship has been damaged and is undergoing repairs, which will soon be completed. His barque is also here. I expect to be in the Angelic City some time in May.

Please give my respects to Messrs. Warner and William M. Prior and all "enquiring friends."

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

A. Stearns Esq.—
Angeles—

JOHN MARSH.

See also Publications Hist. Soc. So. Calif. 1902.

[38] Foote, H. S., *Pen Pictures from the Gardens of the World*, Chicago, 1888.

sylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri, marrying in Stark County, Ohio, in 1832, Elizabeth Louise Schallenberger. His was one of the master minds in organizing the Stevens-Townsend party which left the Missouri in the spring of 1844, the second to make the overland trip and the first to cross the Sierra by way of the Truckee River, which they named in honor of the Indian chief who guided them through that country. These were the first immigrants to bring wagons into California. And these covered wagons were a very important item in the transcontinental adventure, as Townsend and his brother-in-law, Moses Schallenberger, had stocked two of them with silks and satins, shawls and combs to be sold to the Spanish ladies of California. It was spring when Townsend's wagons left the Missouri; it was October when those wagons rattled over the rocky bed of the Truckee River. The first early snows were falling and filled the immigrants with dismay. There was little fodder for the oxen. Walking over the rough stones of the river softened and wore down their hoofs. The snow was now so deep that it buried the grass from their reach, and footsore and hungry the poor starved oxen would stand and bawl for food all night, in so piteous a manner that Townsend's party forgot their own misery in their pity for their cattle; but there was nothing to offer them but a few pine leaves. Still they pushed on, on their agonizing journey over the same route over which the palatial Central Pacific trains glide so smoothly today. A few of their scouts were the first white men to gaze upon the cold blue water of Tahoe. At length Townsend reached the shores of that ill-fated lake—later called Donner. The oxen were floundering through snowdrifts so deep that it was impossible to proceed. They could find no pass in the mountains for their wagons, and the Doctor realized that unless some provision were made to house his invoice of silks and satins, that investment would be a total loss from the snow; so he and Schallenberger set to work and built a log-cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, covering it with rawhides and pinebrush. A log chimney was constructed on the outside and a hole cut for a door, but none ever filled that opening. Neither was it chinked or daubed as is customary with log huts. Here the valued invoice of silks and satins was safely housed.* In 1846 tragedy made this same log cabin historic, as it sheltered a portion of the Donner party. Here Doctor Townsend abandoned his wagons, and leaving Schallenberger, a seventeen year old lad, on guard and in charge, he and his wife mounted on horses pushed on through

* T. F. W. (The Farthest West), *Letters from California,* William Abbatt, Tarrytown, N. Y., 1923, p. 8, says that Townsend lost all his cache. "The Indians followed up their trail, and stripped their houses. When the party returned in June '45, they found the Indians had been about six to eight days before them. The loss was a very serious one."

the snows and drifts to safety and cheer at Sutter's Fort. Although Schallenberger's experiences that winter, alone in the bleak fastness of the Sierra do not concern us here, suffice it to say that the story of that winter is one of the great heroic epics of the mountains.[39]

On reaching Sutter's Fort, Doctor Townsend found great excitement. He must have felt that life was one obstacle after another. Although the perils of the desert and Sierra were behind him, he was confronted by one of the revolutions that was always seething in California. Micheltorena had been appointed by the Mexican government as Governor of California, but the former officials, Alvarado, Vallejo and General Castro determined to resist his authority, and it was whispered that if they were successful the United States immigrants would be driven out of California. Having just scaled those mountains, Townsend had no idea of being driven back into their grim barriers without making a defensive effort. So he joined Captain Sutter's company as aid and surgeon in the Micheltorena campaign, until the affair was settled satisfactorily, going so far south as Santa Barbara.

In 1845 he was in Monterey, where he practiced medicine for a short period; and in 1846, in San Francisco, he built his residence with office combined on his fifty vara lot on the south side of California Street between Montgomery and Sansome streets where the Merchants Exchange stood for many years. Here he hung out the first medical shingle posted in Yerba Buena, and here it may be said was rocked the cradle of medical San Francisco. Townsend took a prominent part in public affairs. Being a man of education himself, he was instrumental in founding the school for which the first school house was erected on the west side of the Plaza (Portsmouth Square) in April 1848, and of which he, Dr. Victor J. Fourgeaud, C. L. Ross, J. R. Serrini, and William Heath Davis became trustees. He also laid out as a surburban town the Potrero Nuevo on the beautiful sloping banks of Mission Bay, but owing to its distance from town, it was a long time before there was a demand for lots. In 1848 he was elected alcalde, or mayor of the growing city; and so evenly did he maintain the scale of justice that his memory is still revered for his judicial integrity. It was also in that year that the Doctor went to the mines, but finding that life not to his liking, he returned to his practice in San Francisco. Later in 1849, he removed to the Santa Clara Valley, establishing his home on what is now the Milpitas road, two miles from San Jose. There he commenced the improvement of one hundred and ninety-five acres of land, intending to live the life of a quiet agriculturist and thus ful-

[39] Swasey, N. F., *The Early Days and Men of California,* pp. 161-172.

Dr. John Townsend

During the time he was Alcalde at San Francisco.

Photograph courtesy of Mrs. J. H. M. Townsend, his daughter-in-law.

fill the dream of every doctor of ultimately getting close to the soil and avoiding the turmoil of the city and the cares of a professional life; but the greatest Physician of all decreed otherwise. Although his life had been adventure itself, the greatest—death—found him still fulfilling his alloted destiny. Cholera, the dreaded cholera, had first manifest itself in the San Francisco harbor. The year 1850 saw many of the sailing vessels glide into the Bay with ghastly crews. William Heath Davis records one, the last of whose crew died of cholera at the helm. From the harbor, the epidemic spread rapidly down the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. As a physician, Doctor Townsend did everything within his power to minister to his neighbors and to stay the scourge. But he shared the same fate as the sailor whose heroic passing I have just described. He died at the helm, and with him into the great beyond passed that faithful companion in his adventures—his wife—a victim of the same disease. And so ended the career of the first Aesculapian of San Francisco. Bancroft says[40] he was a man of excellent character and of genial, enthusiastic temperament. In the Clyman Diary, he is described as "much attached to his own opinions, as likewise to the climate and country of California. His pleasant wife does not enter into all her husband's chimerical speculations." Doctor Townsend's pioneer holding was inherited by his little son, John H. M. Townsend, born in San Francisco, November 26, 1848.

The second graduate physician and surgeon to arrive in San Francisco was Dr. Victor Fourgeaud, who was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 8, 1817, and was a graduate of the Charleston Medical College. After receiving his degree there, he supplemented his training by about four years of postgraduate work at the University of France from which he subsequently received a degree. Being endowed with considerable literary ability, he commenced, while in France, a history of medicine. This subject engrossed him during the rest of his life, but I can find no record of its publication. On his return to this country, he settled in St. Louis, Missouri, which was then the pioneer land of enterprise. Here he started his professional career, and his efforts being crowned with success and distinction, he became there the leading medical man of the period. Among other achievements, he founded the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal, and became its editor; but having acquired fame and distinction so early in his career, he began, like Alexander, to long for other fields to conquer. St. Louis, at this period in the early forties, was the frontier station of the Far West and the resort of the agents and employers of the great Astor "American Fur Com-

[40] Bancroft's *Works*, Vol. XXII, p. 751.

pany." The narratives of these trappers, traders and factors inspired his romantic and adventurous disposition with the grandeur and resources of the Pacific side of the continent. At length he could no longer endure the humdrum existence of a frontier Missouri practitioner. He had climbed to the topmost rung of the St. Louis medical ladder of that day, and having reached the top, looking ahead, he saw the years stretching away in an unendurable array. But beyond the horizon there was the Pacific, there was adventure! This fired his imagination; so he climbed down the ladder he had so painstakingly erected rung by rung, and an April night in 1847 found the Doctor, his wife and their little son, after a day's march, encamped alone under some oaks about twenty miles from St. Louis. Six months later, October 21, 1847, we find him again encamping, this time on the banks of the Sacramento River near Sutter's Fort at a point now known as the foot of J Street (Sacramento). General Sutter, with the hospitality that always distinguished him, proffered the Doctor the hospitality of his fort, but the latter preferred his nomad tent. Eleven days later we find him installed at Yerba Buena on the Bay of San Francisco predicting it would be the great metropolis of the western coast. Here and later in Sacramento he made rapid strides to fame and fortune, becoming editor of the pioneer *San Francisco Medical Journal* and in both cities occupying a foremost place in the medical world. The gold discovery drew him to the mines, and in Sacramento he remained until 1863, when he returned to San Francisco, where he practiced until his death in January 1875. He was universally mourned as honorable, noble and brave, and his laudatory obituary notices affirm that from "the responsibilities of his calling he never shrank, its exposures he never feared." According to Bancroft[41] his offices in San Francisco in 1847-48 were in block twenty, bounded by Kearny, Clay and Sacramento streets. As we have seen, he was one of the founders of the first successful school in San Francisco, and he made the first assay of the gold found by Marshall at Sutter's Mill.[42] To stimulate immigration which had lagged on account of the Mexican War, he was engaged in 1847 to write a long article on California and the advantages it offered in its climate and soil to the husbandman, stock-raiser and artisan. This he did, entitling the same *The Prospects of California,* setting forth its prospects and resources. This was printed in six columns of an extra number of the *California Star* bearing the date of April 1, 1848. The same date a courier was dispatched with two thousand copies overland on a contract

[41] Bancroft's *Works,* Vol. XXII, p. 680.

[42] Eldredge, Z. S., *The Beginnings of San Francisco,* San Francisco, 1912, Vol. II, p. 592.

to reach Missouri in sixty days and spread the document;[43] thus Fourgeaud, as well as Marsh, became one of California's first boosters. The paper of April 1 mentioned the rumored gold discovery and treated it as of no importance; but on June 14 the same *California Star* was compelled to suspend, as all its employees, even down to the printer's devil, had struck work and gone to the diggings; and with this throng headed toward the auriferous hills went Fourgeaud and Townsend.

Although the "Annals" specifically mention three doctors as residents of San Francisco in June 1847, exclusive of those connected with Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers stationed here at the time (of whom, William C. Parker, practiced in San Francisco up to 1876), I have had great difficulty in distinguishing the third medico, but have finally discovered him in the person of Dr. Elbert P. Jones, the editor of the *California Star,* the first newspaper published in San Francisco. Doctor Jones, if his title denotes medicine, was a capable Jack of all trades. The educated man of this generation was not a specialist in one line of endeavor; he could do many things well. For instance, Thomas Jefferson is said to have been master of eight professions. Bancroft says Doctor Jones was a man of much talent and versatility. A native of Kentucky, he practiced law in San Francisco, was the first editor of the *Star,* kept the Portsmouth House, was a member and secretary of the Town Council, took an active part in political wrangles, became the owner of many city lots, and gave his name to Jones Street. The Doctor was a most eccentric character. He wore a long velvet-lined voluminous cloak with the air of a Spanish grandee, and it was said he had acquired more nuggets and gold dust than any other man in California. And this gold became the grand passion of his life. One of his greatest pleasures was to spread sheets upon the floor of his bedroom and to pour his gold dust upon them; then pushing his naked feet through the dust, he would take it up in great handfuls and shower it upon his head and shoulders and then roll and wallow in the glittering metal, thus suggesting the story of the enamoured Danae and her illustrious paramour, Jupiter. Doctor Jones was also a disciple of Bacchus, and once when under his influence, disposed of some seventy-one of his choice lots. He died in Charleston in 1851, where he had removed with what was considered a great fortune in those days—some $200,000 in gold dust.

So ends the Mexican period, an era ushered in by revolution and out by war. In a few communities were doctors with the traditions of a medical training behind them, but most of the pueblos and villages

[43] Hittell, *History of California,* Vol. II, p. 688.

were dependent upon men who had a smattering of medical knowledge and who were glad to do what they could to alleviate the ills of their fellowmen gratuitously. As Bard expresses it,[44] "everyone was a self-constituted physician and the provincial adage:

'De medico, poeta y loco,
Todos tenemos un poco.'

(of medicine, poetry and insanity, we all possess a little) was the outcome of the times." No men in California's medical history have occupied more praiseworthy positions than these doctors of the Spanish and Mexican periods. The distances to traverse were enormous. The ranchos were all far apart; the villages widely scattered. Suppose a family on a remote ranch suddenly found itself in need of a surgeon, the fleetest, most surefooted mustang of greatest endurance was immediately mounted. Perhaps it was the settler who made the exciting ride, or the wife, his boy, his girl or the vaquero employed on the ranch; sometimes they exchanged horses at convenient places—a foaming steed for a fresh one. Paul Revere had no more impelling incentive than those messengers urged on by thoughts of distress at home. As the fresh horse dashed out of the corral, the tired one was given the best of care and the best one left was made ready for the hurrying doctor when he came along. Often those journeys had to be made in the dead of winter when mud lay deep in the roads and the streams swollen. The doctor had to be an expert horseman and if he were an Anglo-Saxon, as they all were in the Mexican period, he had to acquire the Spanish tongue. Although armed to the teeth, he had to be brave and courageous of soul, and tender and sympathetic of heart. The peril and adventure that always dogged his footsteps required the first two qualities, and the patient demanded all four. Hardly a doctor mentioned here but would fill the rôle of a hero in one of our modern novels of romance and adventure. Many of them died violent deaths. Yet their labors and privations were appreciated. They were loved and revered for their skill and devotion. Their graves beneath the California poppies could worthily invoke that noteworthy injunction of Flander's Field:

"To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch; be yours to hold it high."

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[44] Bard, Cephas L., *A Contribution to the History of Medicine in Southern California,* Ventura, 1894.

THE AMERICAN PERIOD

1846-

With the influx of Americans during the latter days of the Mexican régime, great changes were noted on the horizon of medical California. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo severed forever the government medical tie, and the last surgeon-general of Spanish extraction departed, never to return; but the sword and the scalpel were not separated for long. They are always boon companions—the Indian wars, the Mariposa battalion, the Modoc insurrection and the bugle call of the Rebellion united them again. So far as outward demonstration is concerned, the cross and the scalpel were united only during the early days of this period and that was at the founding of the first medical college in San Francisco, which opened its doors under the patronage of the University of the Pacific, a Methodist denominational institution; and the Rebellion in divorcing these, partially caused the collapse of this medical college.

During both of the preceding periods, Monterey had been the medical center of California as the seat of the surgeon-general. Especially was this true during the Spanish régime when California could boast but one competent medical adviser at a time, but during the Mexican period due to the increase in population such important communities as San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz and San Francisco began to attract their own medical advisers, as related in the preceding chapter. At the close of the Mexican War, San Francisco, which was just emerging from the village of Yerba Buena, became the maritime rival of Monterey and could boast of three doctors; but Marshall's discovery of gold during the winter of 1848 in the tail-race of Sutter's mill at Coloma turned the trend of California's development, and she awoke from her pastoral dream to find herself at the vortex of the mining furor. Immediately the whole coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles, from the seashore to the Sierra "resounded with the sordid cry of Gold," and California emptied her male poulation into the "Diggings." Even the doctors—Bale of Monterey, Richard Den of Los Angeles, McKinstry of New Helvetia, Townsend and Fourgeaud of San Francisco—flocked to the mines, not as physicians. They had exchanged the scalpel for the shovel. Not only was California resounding with the cry of gold, but the whole world had heard that report even as it had responded to the momentous shot of Bunker Hill. Bishop Berkeley's prophetic words became fact. If, as it had been said "every road leads to London;" in "the days of '49" the proverb was reversed and every road by land and sea was choked by the Argonauts headed toward California. San Francisco Bay became a

leafless forest, so closely were the masts of the deserted sailing vessels packed together. And among these immigrants estimated at 100,000 up to January 1, 1850, were hundreds of doctors all bent on one thing—mining. To show just what type of medico swarmed about California's auriferous ravines like bees about a hive, it is necessary to conduct the reader to the gold mines which clustered about Sacramento, the medical center of the Golden Age. "Dame Shirley,"[45] the wife of Dr. Fayette Clappe, a Massachusetts physician and surgeon who came to these shores in 1849 and opened the first medical office at Rich Bar on the Feather River, supplies us with the best medical picture of the stirring days in the mining camps. At first Doctor Clappe was the only doctor on the Bar, but in a few weeks he was one of twenty-nine, although the population did not exceed one thousand. His office was the only one on the river and was a "beautiful architectural ideal embodied in pine shingles and cotton cloth." It was ten feet long; a bench like a divan ran the whole length of the room. A rude nondescript, in one corner, on which was ranged the medical library, consisting of half a dozen volumes, did duty at a table. Shelves which looked like sticks snatched hastily from the woodpile and nailed up without the least alteration contained quite a respectable array of medicines. The white canvas window stared everybody in the face, with the interesting information painted on it, in perfect grenadiers of capitals, that this was "Dr. ——'s office." The walls were decorated with sundry pictures from Godey's, Graham's and Sartain's magazines, among which fashion-plates with imaginary monsters sporting miraculous waists predominated. One day Dame Shirley visited her husband's office and encountered there a patient, a young Georgian who had not had the opportunity to speak to a woman for two years. So elated was he over the event that he rushed out and invested in a bottle of champagne which Mrs. Clappe assisted the office force in drinking, acting on Willie's principle of "doing in Turkey as the Turkey's do." This bit of atmosphere is repeated, as nothing could be done in the California of that day "without the sanctifying influence of the spirit," even if it was in a doctor's office.

All the gold seekers fell heir to frightful accidents. The doctors dealt not so much with disease—although typhoid, malaria, erysipelas and dysentery ran rampant in the mountains—as they did with surgical cases, often of a terrible nature. What the mountain mining camps really required was a force of our modern ambulances and emergency surgeons. Great rocks frequently rolled down the steep mountains

[45] Clappe, Louise A. K. S., *The Shirley Letters from California's Mines in 1851-1852*, San Francisco, 1922.

and maimed the unsuspecting miner working in the river bottoms, or the unwary fell into the numerous pits of the prospectors which honeycombed the canyons. Dame Shirley records that "in the short space of twenty-four days we have had several murders, fearful accidents, bloody deaths, whippings, a hanging, an attempt at suicide, and a fatal duel." The accidents included stab and gunshot wounds, shattered limbs and thighs, and compound fractures. This type of case taxed the ingenuity of the surgeon to the utmost and he was forced to act quickly and undertake the gravest surgical operations without counsel or time to prepare himself for the duty. Dr. E. S. Cooper, who founded the first medical college in California in 1859, in realizing the emergency equation in California surgical work, offered in the first prospectus of the Medical Department of the Pacific, a course in experimental surgery by vivisection—the class to repeat these experiments under the eye of the Professor of Surgery, to school the hand, the nerve and the eye of the pupil in order to prepare himself for the numerous casualties and emergency cases encountered. The first surgical case upon which Doctor Clappe operated at Rich Bar was that of a Massachusett's lad whose leg had been mangled by falling rock. The poor fellow was horrified at the idea of an amputation in the mountains and lay helpless for about six months in his bed, nursed by the red-shirted miners. First typhoid assailed him, then erysipelas attacked the shattered limb and reduced it to a mass of disease. His intense sufferings were beyond description. Doctor Clappe felt that nothing but an amputation would save him. The other twenty-eight doctors on the Bar opposed him en masse, arguing that the patient would expire under the knife and it was cruel to subject him to further suffering, but they all agreed he would succumb unless the diseased leg were amputated. So Doctor Clappe decided to operate. Failure meant the loss of his reputation, but he waived all selfish considerations and the result was triumphant; although the patient's existence and Doctor Clappe's reputation hung in the balance for many days. Its successful outcome was no mean accomplishment in a day distinguished for its lack of every surgical appurtenance.

The life of another pioneer medical man in the Diggings, Dr. Edward Willis is related by John Harwood[46] and illustrates two types of doctors who flocked to the mines. Willis was an English surgeon, a graduate of Edinburgh and London, who settled at Placerville in the days when that community consisted of "two chapels, six taverns, five stores for groceries and dry goods, a gambling house and a printing

[46] Harwood, John, *A General Practitioner in California,* in *Once a Week,* February 9, 1861.

office." All the rest of the dwellings were huts or tents, mostly tents. The Doctor established himself under canvas, dividing his tent into two unequal parts with a piece of sail-cloth. The larger of these compartments he used as a dwelling, the smaller he styled grandiloquently the "Surgery," and there he spread out on rough pine shelves and an unplaned table his store of medicaments, surgical instruments and general scientific apparatus, some splints, a great jar of leeches, a microscope, a stethoscope, the implements of dentistry, a few chemical retorts and alembics, and several bottles containing preparations preserved in spirits which the doctor had purchased in San Francisco, and which were intended purely for show, as the miners stood in great awe of such matters and considered no doctor worth his salt who had not something curious wherewith to astonish them. At the entrance of this canvas abode the Doctor erected a blue sign inscribed in gold letters "Surgery," and below "Dr. Edward Willis, M. R. C. S., Surgery and Physic in all branches. Sets bones, draws teeth painlessly, bleeds, advice gratis." The Surgery became the favorite rendezvous for the miners in tattered jerseys and picturesque black beards, and although they sought but little medical advice, they kept the atmosphere of the place blue with smoke and the earthen floor lubricated with tobacco juice.

At the time the Englishman arrived there was one other doctor in Placerville. He was an American—Hullings by name—and was said to be a man of learning and ability although a debauché, but it is doubtful whether he ever saw a regular medical college or possessed a sheepskin. He was tall and bulky and wore a black coat and a Mexican sash around his bright green velvet *calzoneros*. He was generally too drunk to feel a pulse, much less to perform an operation, although the greater part of a practice at the Diggings was of an emergency type and surgical. Hulling resented the Doctor's arrival at Placerville, as he considered that location, by preemption, belonged to him. Doctor Cooper speaks of this same spirit manifesting itself in San Francisco at the time of his arrival in 1855. Those who came earlier felt that a previous advent and earlier residence amounted almost to superior caste and precedence, and greeted the new professional men with positive enmity and distrust. Hullings instilled this same feeling in Dr. Willis, finally announcing that the Englishman would have to leave. This he refused to do and the former arrived one day at his "Surgery" and requested a sight of the Englishman's diplomas and certificates. Called on thus publicly to show his diplomas, Willis could not refuse, and Hullings had no more than received them, when he tore them across the middle and then deluged their owner's face with a jet of tobacco

juice. In the duel which followed, Hullings paid for this insult with his life, and if they had death certificates in those days, his must have borne the triumphant name of Edward Willis M. R. C. S. And that was how Willis obtained his California practice.

James L. Tyson[47] was another doctor of the '49 period who arrived in San Francisco, then a town of 'wood and muslin," in May of the pioneer year and proceeded to the "Diggings" where he prospered practicing. He shipped for Sacramento on a sailing vessel. His passage cost him twenty-five dollars exclusive of food or stateroom, the passengers being forced to provide their own meals, and for bunks to wrap themselves in their blankets on the deck. Having arrived at Sacramento, it cost him another twenty-three-odd dollars to transport his baggage by oxen to the Dry Diggings on the south fork of the American River. There he set up his office in a tent and indulged in considerable bleeding. Although perfectly well, the miners would insist on its performance, and as the charge was an ounce of gold for each, he would gratify them, and sometimes would have two or three bleedings around his tent at once. As the food supply at the mines was limited, the miners were force to a diet of dried and salted meat. Vegetables and fruit were almost unknown. As a result, scurvy was one of the chief complaints of the mountains and was the underlying cause of most of the existing diseases, which consisted of rheumatism, dysentery, brain fever and intermittent, remittent and continued fevers, the latter early assuming a typhoid character. As most of the gold seekers continued to work while ill, Tyson records that he never saw so many broken down constitutions as during his brief stay in California. He enjoyed a considerable practice at the Dry Diggings but was finally induced to build a hospital between the Yuba and Bear rivers on a spur of the Sierra, and there he went with his building material strapped to his saddle, which consisted of one hundred yards of cotton duck which he made a special trip to the "Embarcadero" at Sacramento to procure. With the help of his cook and steward, some tall, slender pines were felled upon which the duck was stretched, and so the hospital was constructed. But before it was completed a poor fellow lying under the trees begged for admittance; he had been on a prospecting tour seeking a suitable place in the deep canyon and ravines to dig when suddenly seized with vertigo and sickness and was now suffering from dysentery. The day following, twelve Oregonians bore one of their number six miles on a litter to the hospital. These with several other cases soon filled the tent hospital and kept Tyson busy until the snows drove him back to San Francisco, where he notes that "all who had

[47] Tyson, James L., *Diary of a Physician,* 1849.

any tendency to diseases of the chest suffered during their stay in the bay city."

J. Tyrwhitt Brooks was likewise a pioneer of the Bear River country. An Englishmen, he came to California during the Mexican War to engage in surgery, hoping to attach himself to the U. S. Army. The gold excitement drew him to the mountains where he engaged in mining and doctoring, receiving an ounce of gold for every patient visited. Between his shovel and scalpel he amassed considerable gold dust and nuggets. The amount becoming so prodigious, he was fearful of carrying it about with him, and finally entrusted it to a faithful courier bound for Monterey where it could be banked. En route the courier was attacked by a famous marauder and robber of the mines who lassoed him and dragged him from the saddle, and while he lay wounded and unconscious, escaped with the Doctor's hard-earned wealth.[48]

Sacramento was the center of all this mining activity, and a great many of our pioneer doctors first hung out their shingles in that city, although they later drifted to other California points. In May 1850, there were fifty doctors there; probably more, but that number signed the roster of the Medico-Chirurgical Association, the second medical fraternity founded in the state. Stillman[49] felt it was the first association of its kind in the "Republic," but the one founded in Los Angeles, in January of that year antedates it by four months. But I will have more to say of these first medical associations under another heading; suffice it to say now that three of the medical officers of that pioneer society had been presidents of county societies at home. The vice-president of the same, Dr. John F. Morse, founded there in 1856 the first medical journal published in California. It is also worthy of note that one of the first hospitals in the state was built in Sacramento in 1850, and also that the State Medical Society was founded there in 1856. More of these anon, but this will prove the preeminence of Sacramento during the Golden Age as the medical center of California.

It is worth recording here that Dr. John Morse died in San Francisco in 1875. His accomplishments at Sacramento were typical of his later life in San Francisco. So closely had he identified himself with the welfare of his patients and for the well being of his fellowmen that his funeral procession was one of the largest that ever took place in San Francisco. Preceded by many on foot, it took one-half hour to pass a given point. The same day and hour Fourgeaud was carried to Lone Mountain.

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[48] Brooks, J. Tyrwhitt, M. D., *Four Months Among the Gold Finders of Alta California,* London, 1849.

[49] Stillman, J. B. D., M. D., *Seeking the Golden Fleece,* San Francisco, 1877.

Stockton, on the San Joaquin, became the hub of the southern mining district. In those days, due to its construction, it was called the Linen City. The first doctor in this locality was Doctor I. C. Isbel. In 1844 he built a log cabin, long a landmark, near the Calaveras, but in 1848 he abandoned it and became a pioneer physician at Ventura. The year 1849 brought many doctors, notably Dr. R. K. Reid, Dr. Caspar W. Norcom, Dr. G. A. Shurtleff and Dr. C. Gratton; the latter particularly possessed those noble qualities that should distinguish a man who has subscribed to the Hippocratic oath. When he first came to Stockton, it seemed that men cared more for gold than for good works or even helping their fellowmen. Distress, illness and death seemed to make but slight impression upon them. The dead were buried where they expired, and were hustled into the grave, wound in the blankets that had covered them during their last illness and with no more ceremony than the lifting of the onlooker's hats. The sick were often abandoned altogether—but the gold seekers had some excuse for this indifference to human suffering, as cases of cholera and smallpox were of daily occurrence, and the man that was a good Samaritan today, tomorrow might be the victim of a loathsome disease. But among the noble exceptions to this rule of utter indifference was Dr. C. Gratton, who, upon observing this condition of things, erected a hospital in Stockton, to allay, so far as lay in his power, the sufferings of the friendless unfortunates when conditions left them without resources or hope of assistance. In this enterprise he expended most of the money he had accumulated by hard labor in the mines; and many a man in these pioneer days owed his life to the Doctor's benefactions. But the good he did lived after him, and perhaps years afterward he felt repaid when, in the course of a summer vacation, he stopped briefly in a mountain mining town. Suddenly as he was looking about him he was accosted by a stranger, who called him by name, grasped and wrung his hand and finally burst into tears. The Doctor was astounded at this stranger's behavior and began to doubt the man's sanity, but as he looked closer he recognized an old patient of bygone days, a man whom he had found deathly ill in the streets of Stockton and whom he had picked up, swung upon his back and carried to his hospital and nursed back to life—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Of quite another type was Doctor Roberts who came to Stockton from Mexico during the summer of 1849. He claimed to be both a lawyer and physician, and possessed great intellectual power. He was an Englishman by birth and displayed a winning and charming manner. His slim, handsome figure was surmounted by an aristocratic face of

singular, though reckless beauty, but the most remarkable thing about him was his eyes, intensely black, sharp, cold and piercing. His speech was polished and fluent and his bearing so manly that he impressed all the men with whom he came in contact. It was not long before he became the confidant and particular friend of the young Texan, Captain David S. Terry, then a lawyer, afterwards judge on the Supreme bench. Anyone who enjoyed the Captain's friendship shared in a particularly beautiful thing, as "Terry would fight for a friend as quickly as he would for Terry."* For awhile, the Doctor played his dual rôle of physician and advocate with great success. His medical administrations were commended and eagerly sought. In a case involving the validity of a land title, he evinced an extraordinary familiarity with the old English and Spanish laws of landed estates. His oratory won the case and obtained a fee of five thousand dollars. At about this time he was the physician in a household where the illness was of a very complicated character, and whether he muddled the Justinian Codes with the precepts of Aesculapius, it is difficult to say; but at any rate he revealed the fact that he was without a medical education. Thus his apparently invincible armor was pierced—but Captain Terry remained his loyal friend. Then Judge George C. Belt,† who had been a hero of the Mexican War, spread the rumor about Stockton that the handsome, manly doctor was neither physician nor lawyer, but Captain Yeomans, a horse thief and Mexican highway robber. This declaration of Judge Belt was hotly resented by Captain Terry and a duel followed. The latter might have wrapped one more man in a bloody shroud had not the seconds on the day of the duel clandestinely loaded the pistols blank,** so that the firing took no effect. During the pseudo-duel, the bandit Roberts left Stockton never to return. Whatever may have been his real name, or whether it was ever known does not matter, it is certain that among the Mexican bandits, he was recognized as Captain Yeomans and he occupies a romantic niche in:

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49."

But once again before disappearing forever, though far from these scenes, he appeared for a brief moment on the shifting stage of Cali-

* Wagstaff, A. E., *Life of David S. Terry,* San Francisco, 1902, p. 53.

† Woods, Reverend James, *Recollections of Pioneer Work,* San Francisco, 1878, p. 20.

** *Illustrated History of San Joaquin County,* Chicago, 1890, p. 75. Wagstaff's *Life of David S. Terry,* p. 54, gives a ludicrous version of this duel. The Reverend James Woods' *Recollections,* p. 19-20, gives a still different version which agrees with Tinkham's *History of Stockton,* p. 136.

fornia's history. Eight months after the Stockton episode, a heavy robbery was attempted upon the Wells, Fargo Express on the Isthmus. Two or three of the robbers were killed. One survived long enough to relate the circumstances of the attack. He said the master mind, Captain Yeomans, organized the plan and directed it, but remained in the rear, free from peril. And the other actors in this little drama, Judge Belt and Captain Terry, lived to fight other duels, to add several bloody notches to the stocks of their guns, before they, themselves, died violent deaths. After all, fiction is not stranger than history. Here is a whole blood curdling reel waiting for the magic wand of Hollywood.

San Bernardino's pioneer physician was Oliver M. Wozencraft, a native of Ohio. He was a pioneer not only in a number of California's communities, but in a number of her projects. He first appears at Sonora, and from the San Joaquin* district was elected as one of the original four representatives of the first constitutional convention which convened at Monterey, September 1, 1849, where he found himself the only physician among that august body. He took a prominent part§ in the discussions that followed, and proposed a radical change in the State Seal adopted by that convention. In place of the time honored bear, he suggested substituting bags of gold and bales of merchandise; which was rather surprising coming from a man who possessed a poetical vision. He was also a member of that United States commission which hampered the Mariposa Battalion during the Yosemite-Indian Wars. Wozencraft belonged to that class of men who prefer to make peace by "pow-wows" rather than by forcing it down the throat of the resisting enemy. At any rate, his commission helped to prolong that war, although¶ they established reservations for the Indians; and the work of the Doctor and his co-workers was severely criticized, it being the general impression that the commission "knew little about the country and still less about the Indians."‡ It was then that the Doctor appeared upon the scene of San Bernardino as that Valley's pioneer physician. Almost at his back door, stretching away to the horizon, was the trackless Colorado desert, that desert that Diaz and Anza declared "God-forsaken;" that the committee on Public Lands considered "valueless" and beset with sun-scorched horrors; that the government reconnoitering parties testified to as being "utterly arid and barren." But Doctor Wozencraft was a man of vision and imagination; he looked at

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* *Illustrated History of San Joaquin County,* Chicago, 1890, p. 19.

§Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California,* Vol. II, pp. 761-762, 765, 772-773.

¶ Bunnell, pp. 27-31.

‡ Hittell, Theodore H., *Ibid,* Vol. IV, p. 902.

it and dreamed that wonderful dream¶ that should preserve his name to posterity. To him that desolate, awe-inspiring solitude resolved itself in a vista of years into an Imperial County—blossoming like a rose. He was enough of a geologist to know that the Colorado River was the parent of the desolate waste she left in her wake when she deserted her old bed. Having produced that arid area of sand, he felt she should be held as morally responsible as any parent for her offspring. And his plan was to compel her to nourish and sustain by irrigation the desert she had wantonly produced. But the prosaic scientists labeled the vision the product of an impractical fool—but where would we be without these dreamers? In reality they blaze many trails. It was Jules Verne's imagination that pioneered the way for the submarine; it was another "impractical" that discovered the cotton-gin; that foresaw the aeroplane when all the known physical laws were against its perfection. Perhaps the Freudian theory of the possibility of dreams may not be so far wrong after all. Nevertheless, Doctor Wozencraft's great desert plan gained the sanction of Congress. The turmoil of the Civil War swept it aside for a time, and he did not live to see the miracle that occurred on the Colorado desert; but others carried his vision to ultimate success, and the productivity of the Imperial Valley is a monument to this pioneer physician.

Dr. J. W. Palmer[50] who was city physician in 1849 gives the best medical picture of San Francisco of this period. Most of the physicians had their offices in tents. Of drugs, quinine was the panacea for all the ills to which Californian flesh was heir. Palmer sold his supply at auction for sixty-four dollars an ounce. As for rents, one hundred dollars per month for a "dog house" was not excessive. When he landed, the Doctor was so poor that he slept on a free sand hill where the fleas were so fierce that his health was undermined, but finally he got under way through a lucky "monte game" which enabled him to set up an office where he was soon making seventy-five to one hundred dollars a day. Medical fees were enormous—two ounces of gold dust ($32.00) a visit, but this was not excessive in a day when laudanum cost a dollar a drop, quinine a dollar a grain, when boots cost forty dollars and blankets one hundred dollars a pair, potatoes a dollar a pound, and five dollars for a hair cut:

¶ James, George Wharton, *Heroes of California,* Boston, 1910, pp. 437-450.

[50] Palmer, J. W., M. D., *The New and the Old or California and India,* New York, 1859.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!—
Good or bad a thousand fold!'

Of the type of medical man that came to California during this period, much may be written. "Time's effacing finger" has erased the records of hundreds who came, but those of a few are still discernible in the footprints they left behind them. The majority were the pick of the land, well educated, industrious and respectable. San Francisco is yet reaping a rich medical heritage in the bequests of three of the surgical giants of this period. True these early physicians and surgeons were carried away by the mining excitement, but it would be difficult to find a red blooded man of this era who had not succumbed to the prodromes of the gold fever. The majority of these medicos in their own communities had been men of professional skill and renown, who had left practices of magnitude and homes of ease and comfort to seek new ones here. With Hemans we might ask: "What sought they thus afar?" Why did they exchange the known for the unknown? Gold alone was not the quest of this exodus. Most of these were amassing that at home. Toland had a $16,000 a year practice long before he exchanged the comforts of Columbia, South Carolina, for the perils of the plains. Henry Gibbons, Sr., was a professor in the Philadelphia Medical College with a large clientele behind him years before he crossed the Isthmus. Elias S. Cooper had already climbed the ladder of success, founded the State Medical Society of Illinois, given medical instruction and acquired a reputation as a daring and skillful surgeon, especially in deformities of the extremities and defects of the eye, as well as a competency before he left Peoria in his background. H. M. Gray, Stephen R. Harris, and J. C. Tucker were occupying professional places of assurance and eminence in New York when the star of California first appeared above their horizon. What was it then that made them stop, look and listen like the wise men before them? It was adventure, and California was the greatest one of the nineteenth century. Of these pioneer doctors who risked the dangers of the ocean and the perils from savage and famine on the plains, it may be said, with the historian, that only the brave attempted it and only the strong survived — qualities that marked them in some degree as superior to their fellows. Having endured these dangers, it

was only the preserving, energetic and shrewd who were able to succeed, and eventually to found the cornerstone of medical education on the Pacific Coast. What they earned from the world by genius and untiring energy, they gave back a thousand fold in ideals and gifts to humanity. Our two great hospitals and medical colleges and medical magazines, endowed beds and the Lane Lecture Courses and Medical Library are all monuments to these men of heroic mould. Of this timber was Elias S. Cooper, who builded better than he knew. A graduate of the St. Louis (Missouri) Medical College, he was the prime originator and ardent promoter of medical education on the Pacific Coast. During the 50's he had the courage, daring, training and skill to resect parts of three ribs and to remove a foreign body (the breechpin of a gun)[51] from beneath the heart of one of his patients, to ligate the abdominal aorta, and in another the primitive carotid, to open joints to perform a successful Cæsarian, to remove a large fibro-cartilaginous tumor from the uterus; to found the first medical college west of the Rockies; and to organize the California State and County Medical societies.

Of such timber was J. D. B. Stillman[52] of New York who cast his anchor on the banks of the Sacramento late in the fall of 1849. He was the founder there of one of the very earliest medical societies in California, the Medico-Chirurgical Association of which Doctor Bay of Albany was chosen president; Doctors Morse and White, vice-presidents; Dr. J. R. Riggs of Patterson, New Jersey, recording secretary,

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[51] Cooper, E. S., M. D., *Report of an Operation for Removing a Foreign Body from Beneath the Heart,* San Francisco, 1857.

[52] Stillman, J. D. B., *Seeking the Golden Fleece,* San Francisco, 1877.

Stillman was also the author of many articles appearing in the initial numbers of the *Overland Monthly,* along with the contributions of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith and Charles Warren Stoddard. Perhaps his most famous literary production was *The Horse in Motion as Shown by Instantaneous Photography, With a Study on Animal Mechanics. Executed and Published under the Auspices of Leland Stanford,* Boston, 1882. These pictures were really the initial attempt at "movies." The discussion having arisen as to whether a horse in motion ever had all four feet free of terra firma, E. J. Muybridge, who had perfected the camera's instantaneous shutter, agreed to prove by a series of pictures that such was a possibility. Leland Stanford agreed to supply the money as well as the horses for the experiments, which were carried out on the Stanford stock farm at Palo Alto. Muybridge worked out the mechanics successfully, and the pictures proving beyond a doubt that his conjectures were correct, were copyrighted by him. Then Doctor Stillman set to work and wrote the text. The book was published in 1882 under the authorship of Stillman. Muybridge was greatly incensed on reading it to find that although his pictures were used, not once was his name mentioned in the volume; so he sued both Stillman and Leland Stanford for using his copyrighted pictures. To settle the proposition, practically the entire edition was one night stacked in the courtyard of the Stanford University Library and a torch appled. Very few copies escaped this holocaust. The few that did are invaluable not alone on account of their history but because they inaugurated the moving picture industry.

and Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, corresponding secretary. He was also instrumental in having a hospital built for him—incidentally, probably the second of wooden construction in California. Priest Lee & Company were the contractors. Oregon Pine was the material and unbleached muslin the interior finish. It stood at the corner of Third and K streets, one and one-half stories high, and measured fifty-five by thirty-five feet. It consisted of a main hall through the building with an apothecary's office and dining-room on one side and eight private wards, muslin lined, on the other; upstairs in the garret was the main ward, rough boarded with half windows on the side and two full windows at each gable. At home, in New York, Stillman might have considered this a fair barn, provided it had not cost more than $2,000; but it cost the proprietors $15,000, and he agreed to rent it for $1,500 a month. His cook cost $250 and his apothecary $300, and one today complains of the high cost of living! It is worthy of note here that once Bayard Taylor, the poet, was Stillman's guest and even partook of evening tea. Apropos of the latter, a few contemporary prices of staple commodities may be of interest, giving the reader a graphic idea of just what Taylor's "tea" and the hospital board consisted—grizzly bear and onions, fifty cents a pound; elk, thirty; poor butter, one dollar and a half. On account of prevailing bowel complaints, dysentery, etc., salt provisions and ship stores became so plentiful that they were not in demand and were used to fill sloughs at cross-roads. The hospital was finished December 23, 1849, and Stillman and his staff began operations. By January 9, 1850, they were actors in one of California's great dramas. The winter had set in early, the rains came and the floods descended with a vengeance. The Sacramento rose rapidly, six inches an hour, and spread destruction and death through the valley. Every house in the city was flooded, the inmates seeking safety on second floors and rooftops. Already the ground floor of the hospital was deserted. Doctor Stillman, his aids and their patients, forty strong, retreated before the slimy fingers of the Sacramento to the main ward in the garret—and there from the gable windows, they watched the waters rise and saw tents, houses, boxes, barrels, horses, mules, and cattle sweep by on the swollen tide. As far as their eye could reach was one vast sea, men swept by in improvised boats, bakers' troughs, rafts, and Indian rubber beds. As they came athwart the windows, they rapped upon the panes, begging to be admitted. The sick were never refused. Doctor Stillman began to have grave misgivings regarding the fate of the forty marooned in his hospital. For two days and nights he did not sleep fearing the foundation would not withstand the strength of the wind and waves. In his journal of January 11, the events being

enacted are so dramatic that the stage seems set for a play, and we can imagine the curtain going up on a scene of California adventure. Time 1850. Outside, wind, rain and flood; within, a hospital ward in a rough-boarded garret. Present are some forty people—thirty-nine men and one woman. A row of iron beds, sparsely blanketed, runs up and down either side of the room. Some of the patients are asleep, a few are muttering in delirium. The lone woman, sick and destitute, is curtained off in a corner of the room (she left her husband in his grave on the plains). Some are dying on the floor; others, dead, are sewed up in blankets ready to be sunk in the water in a room on the first floor. In an angle of the ward is the $250 cook preparing something for breakfast; nearby are two or three stewards talking in an undertone; in one corner is Doctor Morse sitting at a table writing a letter home, but so depressed that he pours brandy in his ink to give spirit to his thoughts; in another corner at another table is Doctor Stillman also writing home, also depressed and filled with misgivings. From a bottle standing on his writing table, he pours some laudanum into his ink to quiet the apprehensions that his letter may arouse. The fury of the storm increases; the hospital shakes on its foundation. They all look up at one another and laugh. The curtain goes down and we are reminded:

"That the play is the tragedy man
And its hero the conqueror worm."

Another was Henry Gibbons Sr., a native of Wilmington, Delaware, where his father was a prominent physician. Both father and son were graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, having received their respective degrees some twenty-seven years apart. At the outbreak of the California gold excitement, Henry Gibbons was one of the prominent physicians of Philadelphia, but he gave it all up to follow the star of Empire. When he arrived in San Francisco in August, 1850, cholera was raging and he was put in charge of the cholera hospital. From that time on until his death, he was connected with everything worth while medically and was foremost in every measure and organization tending to the education, welfare and improvement of the people. To him belongs the honor of having given the first course of medical lectures in California. Now they would correspond to the endowed Lane Medical lectures. He inaugurated this course during the winter of 1850-51. One was given every week for thirteen consecutive weeks. That he was not a member of the first medical society founded in San Francisco was due to the fact that that organization antedated his arrival by two months; but of its reorganization in 1853, as we shall find, he was the first president; likewise, of the County Medical

Medical Office of Dr Henry Gibbons in the Early 50's
163 Clay Street, San Francisco

Society founded in 1856, and of the State Society founded the same year, he became the second president. Of the medical department of the University of the Pacific, he was a co-founder and member of the faculty. When that institution crumbled and succumbed, the students who were going en masse to the newly organized Toland Medical College petitioned the latter to include Doctor Gibbons and Doctor Lane on their staff of professors. The petition was granted, and he and Lane became initial members of the faculty of the Toland Medical College, now the Medical Department of the University of California. With the resuscitation of the Pacific Medical College, the ancestor of Cooper Medical, Doctor Gibbons became one of the pillars of the institutions. His son, Henry Gibbons Jr., who had received his "Toga Virilis of Medical Manhood," as Doctor Lane was wont to say, from the medical department of the University of the Pacific, devoted a lifetime of medical usefulness as dean to all the forbears of the present Stanford University Medical School.

R. Beverley Cole was one of the most picturesque of the early prominent physicians. By birth, he was a Virginian; by education a Kentuckian, having been a medical student at Transylvania University, the later Kentucky School of Medicine at Lexington, Kentucky; but he finally took his medical degree at the age of twenty at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He arrived in San Francisco aboard the "Cherokee" in 1852 in the heyday of his remarkable youth. He was a personality who immediately made himself felt—some of his compeers would have said conspicuous. In fiber, he was a southerner through and through, possessing all the wit and whole-souled geniality of the old South. His most distinguished characteristic was his versatile and brilliant tongue. He was master of a ready flow of words, anecdotes and pleasantries. So fluent was his command of English that he never used a manuscript in speaking, and so magnetic was his personality that he held his listeners enthralled. But that organ that raised him to the Pleiades was also his nemesis. It was that versatile and brilliant tongue that made him president of the State Medical Association; vice-president and later president of the American Medical Association; dean of the First Medical College, that of the University of the Pacific; dean of the Toland Medical College, and the first dean of the Medical College of the University of California; and surgeon-general of the State of California; but it was also that tongue that involved him in the aftermath of the murder of James King of William; in the trial of Edward McGowan for complicity in the same murder; in the tempest that followed his speech on women of California before the State Medical Society; in the Humphrey's affair and in *Shadows in the Ethics,* a

pamphlet bitterly denouncing him for being instrumental in having dropped from the vice-presidency of the International Medical Congress one of his best friends and his own family physician.[53] But a physician who could inaugurate his career with the Vigilantes and terminate it about a half century later as coroner of the City and County of San Francisco and keep the intervening years punctuated with worthwhile accomplishments must have been a strong character. At the time of the historic murder of James King of William in 1856, Cole was Surgeon-general on the staff of the Grand Marshall of the Vigilance Committee and with Doctor Nuttall one of the two first physicians to reach the wounded man. Subsequently due to his family's wishes, Drs. Hammond, C. Bertody, H. H. Toland and H. M. Gray had charge of the case and Cole withdrew chagrined. As time progressed, the condition of the patient became more and more desperate, and in spite of everything his physicians and a legion of the "faculty," including Dr. J. T. Griffin, U. S. A. who was summoned posthaste from Los Angeles, could do, James King of William died and the Vigilance Committee, which had been called into being by this crime, strung up James P. Casey, the assassin.[54] The latter found his resting place in the consecrated churchyard of the Mission Dolores, where his monument erected by the firemen also rubs elbows with that commemorating the deeds of one of our early Spanish governors. In February, 1857, the State Medical Society convened at Sacramento, and Beverley Cole sprang his bomb-shell by affirming that Mr. King's injury was a flesh wound and "not at all dangerous and that with ordinary care and judgment there would not have been the slightest danger to the life of the wounded man,"[55] further stating that a sponge had been left in the wound five days, which he did not hesitate to denounce as a case of gross malpractice, It is hardly necessary to state that these words created an uproar among the medical gentlemen present, who included the late Mr. King's four doctors. Out of this murder grew the Edward McGowan trial at Napa, with Beverley Cole and H. H. Toland arraigned as witnesses on opposing sides. The testimony of both was very bitter,[56] and a great war among them and their professional supporters ensued. But in spite of all that occurred then, it is interesting to note that R. Beverley Cole became dean of the Toland Medical College, when it was founded,

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[53] Lane, L. C., *Shadows in the Ethics,* San Francisco, 1885.

[54] See R. K. Nuttall, San Francisco *Chronicle,* June 4, 1856.

[55] *Alta California,* March 5, 1857.

[56] *Alta* and *Bulletin,* June 1, 1857, and Hittell, Theodore H., San Francisco, 1898, Vol. III, p. 647.

Cole's testimony may have been instrumental in McGowan's acquittal and discharge at the end of a three days' trial.

and subsequently of the Medical Department of the University of California. The following jingle apropos of Cole's remarks on James King of William's death appeared in the daily press of the time:

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed cock robin?
I, says Dr. "Scammon"
With my chloroform and gammon
I killed cock robin.

Why was it given
In a smothering dose, by heaven?
I refuse to say
Replied Dr. Gray.

Who put in the sponge?
I, says Dr. "Lunge,"
They did me impung
So, "bedad," I left in my sponge.

Who found the sponge in the body?
I, says (clever) little Bertody,
I found it in the body.

Who took it out?
I, says plucky Stout,
I took it out.

Who blabbed the whole?
I, says Dr. Cole,
It lay on my soul
And I blabbed the whole.

When Doctor Cooper founded the Medical Department of the University of the Pacific he appointed Beverly Cole, professor of obstetrics and diseases of women and children, as well as dean of that institution. That year the State Medical Society convened in February 1859, and Doctor Cole read a report on *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women in California,* and although the speech was delivered in the days before the radio, it was broadcasted all over the United States and reverberated on California's shores, so great was the "tempest in the teapot" caused by his unguarded words. In this paper, he said in part, speaking of the pioneer women of California, removed at the most critical period of their lives from the healthful advice of their mothers, that three out of four of those ladies both married and single "who have reached the age of fifteen" are no better than they should be, and he compared them to a certain woman of Babylon as being the "victims of this dissipation and fashionable life," yielding "to the solicitations of the opposite sex and finding themselves in a short time the prey of disease."[57] Although his report was read before the Medical Society

[57] *Bulletin,* January, 1859.

of the State when "at least one hundred of the most prominent medical men were present" and was intended for scientific and medical minds only, one of the Albany (New York) papers took it up with reflections upon the morality and chastity of the women of California. Immediately all the California publications flew to the rescue and engaged in a wild denunciation of Cole. Although the doctors present at the original meeting, when the paper was delivered, heard nothing amiss and made no comment then, they now commenced to vilify Cole as the "woman traducer." Even the laity of his City and State were up in arms against him. His practice was in jeopardy, and he was persecuted far and near. Finally the Medical Society, itself, took up the cudgels and he was exonerated of any "evil intent to defame the character of the women in the state, although there can be no doubt that the language of the report in question was very loose and improper,"[58] the vote of exoneration standing "ayes" 22, "noes" 8. The feeling must have been very intense; as a result Cole was almost mobbed by the irate doctors who possessed wives and daughters in California. It is interesting to note that it was Cooper who championed him and held the mob at bay. As a result of the vote, such prominent physicians as these resigned: A. B. Stout, J. P. Whitney, C. Bertody, T. M. Logan, S. R. Gerry, V. F. Fourgeaud, H. M. Gray and Sharkey. And so it would appear that these pioneer medical giants who had no fear of the terror of land and sea were likewise not afraid of one another. Cases are on record where their tongues being inadequate, they resorted to arms.

Another important medical figure of the 1849 period was Isaac Rowell, a graduate in arts, science and medicine of Dartmouth College. At the time of the gold discovery, he was practicing in Maine. He arrived in San Francisco via the Cape in June of the Pioneer year and started his practice, in which he was immediately and ultimately successful. He was one of the staunch preservers of the Commonwealth in those exciting days before the Civil War. For a number of years preceding her admission into the Union as a free state, California's fate hung in the balance, and probably no man of his time in California did more for Lincoln and the rights of man than Doctor Rowell. He gave up his practice temporarily and stumped the State, and this in the pre-train days. He also organized and commanded "the first California mounted battalion." Of the original faculty of the Medical Department of the University of the Pacific, Rowell occupied with distinction the chair of chemistry and for a time that of surgery too. He was also a supervisor and health officer.

[58] *Bulletin,* February 14, 1859.

Another prominent medico of these days was Stephen R. Harris, the third Mayor of San Francisco, a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York, and for six consecutive years a New York health commissioner. He came to San Francisco in 1849 via Panama. In those days that disease-infested country, the half-way house to California, was congested with crowds seeking cabin room to San Francisco. At one time six thousand were detained there several months and among them Doctor Harris. A frightful dysentery epidemic broke out, and hundreds found their graves. The Doctor devoted his time and services to the stricken Argonauts, and raised funds from the Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodges to alleviate their wants and give the dead a decent burial. At length he reached San Francisco in June, 1849, and founded the first real drug store at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. He stocked it with a $20,000 supply of medical goods, the most extensive establishment in the country. Just as fortune's smile seemed most propitious, along came the great conflagrations of May 4, and June 22, 1850, and May 4 and September 17, 1851, to again test the mettle of his soul. He lost all he possessed, having replenished his supplies after each successive fire. In 1851, he became Mayor, but continued to carry on his practice.

Dr. Robert McMillan, a native of South Carolina, a graduate in arts and medicine of the University of Pennsylvania and a Paris postgraduate, entered the Golden Gate early in 1849, one of the best trained medical men as well as a ripe scholar and one of the most profound students that ever sought these shores. It was from his office that H. H. Toland launched his brilliant career.

Another medical man of the '49 period who distinguished himself in his day and generation both in New York and California was Henry M. Gray, a graduate of the Geneva Medical College who came to these shores in December 1849 aboard the "Hope," a bark owned and manned by Gray and ten of his college mates and associates. Having arrived in San Francisco, the Doctor visited the mines only to find that his place in life was among the sick, distressed and maimed; so he returned to San Francisco commenced practicing and devoted his great powers, tender sympathies and cheerful presence to alleviating suffering and illness. Although possessed of the most considerable clientele in the city, he distinguished himself by the amount of his gratuitous practice, being always ready to assuage the suffering of the poor and wretched. On board ship he found his way to the steerage to attend the helpless and afflicted. On his visit to the Yosemite in 1861, he went far out of his route to prescribe for a wounded hunter dying in his cabin in

the lonely Sierra. His helping hands stretched out beyond the grave. Even when he lay in the shadow of death, he gave a list of the worthy poor, who had long received gratuitous practice at his hands, to a professional friend and charged him with their care. In other words he raised charity to a cardinal virtue. He delivered the oration at the laying of the cornerstone of the Masonic Temple in San Francisco in June 1860. The newspapers of the day laud the culture and eloquence of the speaker. He was a founder of the State Medical Society in 1856, and took a prominent part in medical meetings. As we have just observed, he was one of James King's doctors. His associates held him as one of the finest types physically and mentally of medical manhood.

Another was Hugh Huger Toland who was born on a plantation in Newberry County, South Carolina, in 1806. His father, John Toland, was a wealthy planter and banker and his son, Hugh, was educated in the district school where he attained a knowledge of Latin and Greek, but established a greater reputation as the most successful boy pugilist in the county. At the age of sixteen, he entered the office of Dr. George Ross, one of the most distinguished physicians in South Carolina, as was the custom in those days. Here he spent one and one-half years acquiring experience in the office, in the doctor's drug store and accompanying his preceptor on professional visits. Then he hastened to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered the University of Transylvania where he graduated in 1828 at the head of a class of one hundred and sixty students. He supplemented this university training by two years of practical work at Pagesville, South Carolina, often spending the entire day in the saddle traversing as much as ninety miles on his professional visits. The following two and a half years he spent in the lecture room and hospitals of Paris studying with Roux Du Puytren, Lesfranc, and participated in the care of the victims of the Asiatic cholera scourge that decimated France in 1832. In 1833 he was again in Newberry when an event occurred that changed the whole current of his life. He chanced to be in the drug store of his little town when a man staggered in, blue in the face and gasping for breath, choking to death from quinsy. Fresh from the precepts of Trousseau, young Toland hastily produced instruments for performing tracheatomy, but the older physicians interposed, and while they were wrangling and inveighing against so radical a procedure, the patient choked to death in the chair. So disgusted was young Toland that he shook the dust of his native heath from his feet forever and moved to Columbia where he soon acquired a tremendous practice, and his reputation and fame in the use of lithotomy forceps spread throughout the Carolinas. When

gold was discovered in California, the adventure appealed to his blood, and catching the infection, he started across the plains, bringing with him a quartz-mill complete. His journey across is memorable as the shortest on record, traversing the distance between Independence, Missouri, and San Francisco in seventy-six days. Arriving in California in September, 1852, he went to Calaveras County and became owner of what is known as the Gwyn mine at Mokelumne Hill.* Accompanying and preceding him across the plains was his distinguished reputation as a physician and surgeon; so that when he arrived he immediately stepped into a practice; but mining and medicine are not good comrades, and it was not long before he was shaking Calaveras' quartz-dust from his heels and acquiring spacious medical offices in San Francisco at the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets. And here for almost a third of a century he carried on his enormous practice. It was not unusual for him to make as many at forty to fifty house calls a day, and this in the time of the horse and buggy, and to see several hundred patients in his office during the same twenty-four hours. The records of his office visits during fifteen years were most graphically portrayed in the twenty-three huge volumes which contained the enormous number of about five hundred and eighteen thousand copies of prescriptions. Every great doctor is said to have one drug which he considers a general panacea and indicated in almost every case he handles. In this Doctor Toland was no exception to the rule, and the drug that predominates on the pages of these twenty-three volumes was one that was a favorite among the Egyptians before Ghizeh emerged from the sands of the Nile. So enormous was Doctor Toland's practice in 1861 that he was commanding forty-two thousand dollars annually. Being a prominent southerner, the Civil War conflict made some inroads in his income, but the Californians soon came to know that sympathies have nothing to do with genius and skill, and his offices were crowded again. If the Civil War was making some difference to Toland, it was the final catastrophe for the Medical College of the Pacific, which Cooper had founded. Following the staggering blow of its founder's death, the California regiments took its students as surgeons. Toland now felt the moment was propitious to found another medical institution, and this he did, building a handsome stone and brick structure that was long a landmark of the city, at Pfeiffer and Stockton streets between Chestnut and Francisco. Later he built an adjoining building and stocked them with all the modern medical, surgical and chemical appurtenances; and for many years this institution was known as the

* Woods, James, *Recollections,* p. 64, recalls that Toland made fifty cents a day there.

Toland Medical College, in which the Doctor occupied the chair of surgery and its faculty numbered such men as Levi Cooper Lane, Henry Gibbons, and Beverley Cole. In 1872 Doctor Toland gave the medical school he had founded to the University of California, retaining the chair of surgery up to the time of his death. After its transfer, he requested that the college should be designated as the Toland Medical College of the University of California. This was refused. At one time a bill was presented to the State Legislature with the same purpose in view. He was a prolific writer, making frequent contributions to the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* and the *Western Lancet*. For ten years he was proprietor of the former.† In 1877 he published his *Lectures on Practical Surgery* which are really stenographic notes of his classroom lectures, following a conversational style without any attempt at polished periods or elegance of diction. The book ran through several editions, the first being distributed long after protracted promises, a medical wag of the day saying this was due to exhaustion of the capital "I" type, the publishers being forced to send to an Eastern state for a fresh supply. However, the *Surgery* commanded widespread attention and was eagerly bought up by many of the old Toland graduates. Although not a specialist, Toland was supremely happy in the practice of surgery and displayed extraordinary skill in lithotomy cases. He possessed all the qualifications of a great surgeon—steadiness of hand and boldness combined with caution, coolness, imperturbability and decisiveness in execution. It is said he never wavered, never wondered, in a supreme moment what some one else would do, but being sufficient unto himself, he always knew exactly what course to pursue; and so successful was the outcome of his operations that "Toland luck" became a proverbial expression, but his luck was another term for surgical intuition and skill, or genius if that term be defined as a capacity for hard work and taking infinite pains.

In politics Toland was a Democrat. He never sought distinction; but it settled about him like a cloak, neither did he seek or invite political preferment either of a medical or civil quality. For several years he was a member of the State Board of Health, being appointed successively by Governors Haight, Booth, and Irvin, and is said to have missed very few meetings. He was visiting surgeon of the County

† In the second volume of the *Journal* an incident occurred showing what savage critics these pioneer doctors were. Dr. J. D. B. Stillman was the author of some caustic remarks on the quality of medical literature served to the profession, showing by the deadly parallel where Doctor Toland obtained his material. Toland replied — plausibly, but with argument *ad hominem*. Both articles are spicy, the editor terminating the discussion with these words: "If our friends wish to quarrel or fight we recommend gunpowder and lead, not types and printer's ink."

Hospital and, as earlier stated, professor of surgery of the Toland Medical College and its successor, the Medical College of the University of California. He had no vaulting ambition for the presidency of this and that medical organization or civic society. His life was consecrated to his profession, which demanded and received his undivided devotion.

He was three times married; coincidentally, all three wives bore the given name of Mary. The last, the mother of his only son, was the gracious and talented "M. V. B. Toland"‡ who was well known in the literary world. It was she who presided with tact and distinction over the Doctor's handsome establishment at 810 Jackson Street; the second, Mary Avery, accompanied the Doctor across the plains and died a few weeks following their advent into California and was buried late in September 1852 at Stockton. The first, the wife of his youth and the mother of two of his daughters, was Mary Goodwin, a direct descendant of Pocahontas. This calls to mind the story that during his San Francisco career the doctor took into his household a parrot of rare plumage; about the same time he adopted a beautiful California Indian maiden. One day the bird of rare plumage disappeared and the Indian maid confessed that in an uncontrollable reversion to her native state, she ate the beautiful parrot, plumage and all.

The one hobby which the Doctor possessed was farming—owning 13,000 acres of land along the Russian River. He operated, himself, an extensive acreage near Rio Vista, and shortly before his death he sold one crop of wheat for $125,000, his estate at death being appraised at two million. He died in the midst of life, with his faculties intact and in the performance of his duties. Returning from his morning rounds, he fell lifeless into the arms of his servant. He was buried from Grace Episcopal Church, the venerable Bishop Kip officiating at his funeral.

Not long ago I went to the Laurel Hill Cemeteries to get a picture of the bronze bust of the Doctor which stands in a niche above his tomb, and too I wanted to get an impression from it of just what type of a physician this pioneer surgeon was who left his impress not only on his own generation, but a vivid one still surviving on the generations of almost half a century later. The men of his time held that few physicians in any community ever so combined in their character the elements of success. The medical world being so full of mediocrity, I felt it would be an event to look upon one who approached nearer to a perfect physician's life than most of us achieve, and too I wanted to see where he lay after "life's fitful fever." An obliging sexton pointed

‡ Mrs. Toland was the author of *Sir Rae, Iris, Onti Ora* and *The Inca Princess.*

the way and without any difficulty I found his magnificent mausoleum. Luckily some stone masons were working about the foundation and the great massive bronze door stood ajar. I gently pushed it open and stepped within the vaulted tomb. There lay the great surgeon of fifty years ago, and there in a niche above his sepulchre, his living presence, a bronze figure with a countenance so striking and imperious that I felt I should uncover; as I stood there looking into that expressive face I wondered just what qualities of mind and body had spelled success and rendered him even now dignified, impressive and commanding. There was not an iota of imagination or a figment of fancy in that steadfast gaze and lofty brow, but something about his stern visage reminded me of those great vigorous-minded state-builders of his own generation—Clay, Webster, Calhoun—perhaps it was the determined mouth or the hair that fell to his shoulders, or perhaps the short clean shaven upper lip, or the whiskers that skirted that massive under jaw of resolution. One of his biographers[59] writes that he was tall, over six feet and as stately and erect as the pines of his Carolina hills, and that so dignified was his pleasant manner that it repressed familiarity and hid a heart full of generous impulses. It was the face of a man so stamped with originality that were it flesh and blood, the stranger would stop to look again—but bronze, you suddenly realized that you were looking at one bound to take a foremost place in any age, at any time and under any conditions, His tomb bears this inscription:

"Hugh Huger Toland, M.D.
Born at Guilder's Creek, South Carolina
April 16, A. D. 1806
Died February 27, A. D. 1880
Founded and erected the Toland Medical College in San Francisco
A. D. 1864. Transferred the same by an unconditional gift
To the University of California and thereby established
its Department of Medicine, A. D. 1872."

Not far from the tomb of Toland, Fourgeaud found the end of his trail. Under the arms of a wide, spreading oak they pitched his last camp and here he is lying, just as he did a hundred nights during that memorable trip across the plains. And by his side are his wife and their little boy, the same companions who encamped alone on an April night in 1847, after a first day's march some twenty miles from St. Louis.

Within the shadow of Lone Mountain and within sight of the ragged cliffs of the Golden Gate through which he sailed into California,

[59] *Western Lancet,* 1880.

Bust From the Tomb of Dr H. H. Toland

lies and stands the grave of another great San Francisco physician. I say lies and stands, for that most aptly expresses the flat granite tomb and the solid towering shaft of the same material that surmounts it—"the whole being aptly adapted by its durability, severe simplicity of form, and brevity of inscription, to perpetually materialize the leading features of his mind and character; and at the same time, to express by a single word the fond hope of his life, for on it the passerby whose eye turns from one of the most sublime landscapes of distant Farallones, blue sea and Marin shore to the resting place of the illustrious dead, reads only this epitaph:

'Sacred to the Memory of Elias S. Cooper, Surgeon.' "[60]

Whence he came or when he went—not a word—who cares? But will medical California always remember that he was the founder of her medical institutions? Not a blade of grass relieved the severe simplicity of that grave, and with the exception of one small flower, all was durability, solid granite and masonry, but a grateful California had placed there one flower. Into the crevices of the granite pavement, the wind had blown the seed of a California poppy, and there it was growing and flaunting its orange flowers.

As the sexton and I were walking away, the thought came over me that these graves and these monuments were more or less typical of their inmates, and I wondered just what sort of one would be typical of R. Beverley Cole's stormy and picturesque passage. "No. 800," the sexton said on my inquiry as to where that grave lay. As I walked in that direction, I recalled events in his life—the Vigilantes, the surgical sponge, the violent death of James King of William, the crowd that almost mobbed him at Sacramento, the trial of Ned McGowan, the deanship of this and that institution, the presidency of this and that association, as well as the constant demands on a busy successful practitioner. His was indeed a stormy life! His public one at most a troubled career! In the midst of these musings, the sexton hailed me; he had found "No. 800," and as I approached I wondered would Beverley Cole's monument, like the others I had just visited, more or less typify his life. If I had any preconceived idea of what it should be, it took the form of that wounded lion which a grateful and grieving Lucerne dedicated to the heroes of the Tuilleries; so that I was unprepared for the sight that met my eye when the sexton, sweeping aside the grass that grew rank upon his grave, disclosed a mossy marble bank, and lying upon it a white marble lamb. With difficulty, I read the moss-grown inscription upon it—"Little Beverley" and the date

[60] Shuck, Oscar T., *Representative and Leading Men of the Pacific*, San Francisco, 1870.

"1857." As we turned away, the rank grass swept over the lamb and the grave of an only son, and, I knew we were again hiding the cross of Cole's brilliant, versatile, stormy career, and the words of one of the Reverend Horatio Stebbin's funeral orations came to my mind:

> "Peace to his ashes;
> Charity, praise and forgetfulness to his deeds;
> Honor and gratitude to his name."

There were many more doctors among the valiants of this period: A. J. Bowie, the silver-tongued orator, the founder of the Pathological Society, lived in a frame house which stood in its own garden on the corner of Stockton and Sutter streets, the lumber for which came around the Horn, and its architecture smacked of the Shakespearian period. Bowie made this place a rendezvous for the intellectual element of the City. F. P. Wierzbicki,[61] a Pole, was another of the founders of our medical institutions of the period, he being one of the pillars of the medical societies of the County and State. He first wrote of the "California Fever," a confused type of all fevers including gold and ague; and although ten thousand found their graves that first memorable year of the winter of '49 and the spring of '50, Wierzbicki did not lose a single case. It is interesting to note that the second edition of the book (one of the very first San Francisco publications which he wrote and which contains a chapter on "Medical Observations" upon the Californias) is now one of the most prized items in a Californiana collection, being recently listed at $600 in a New York catalogue. Paper was not plentiful on the coast in those days and the leaves of several of the copies were cut from wall paper.

California's first long term United States Senator, Dr. William M. Gwin, was a physician by training. He graduated in 1828 from the Medical Department of the University of Transylvania, in the same class of one hundred and sixty-eight, of which H. H. Toland carried off the honors, although Gwin's biographer says his subject "graduated with special honors."[62] Before he became enmeshed in politics, Gwin practiced for about five years, but never in California. Unless I am very much mistaken, on the occasion of Toland's third marriage, he acquired the Gwin residence and gardens on the corner of Jackson and Stockton streets. Although none of the biographies speak of any ties between these early distinguished Californians, there are at least two, and I am wondering if the Gwyn mine in Calaveras County to which Dr. Toland repaired on arriving, is a third?

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[61] Wierzbicki, F. P., M. D., *California as it is, and as it may be,* 2d edition only, contains a chapter on "Medical Observations upon the People and Country," pp. 71-76, San Francisco, 1849.

[62] Phelps, Alonzo, A. M., *Contemporary Biography of California's Representative Men,* San Francisco, 1881.

During the present session of the California Medical Association at Yosemite a bronze plaque was unveiled to another distinguished early California M.D., Lafayette Houghton Bunnell,[63] a member of the "Mariposa Battalion" who was with it when the Yosemite was discovered during the Indian wars of March 1851. Doctor Bunnell[64] claims the honor of having been one of the first white men to enter the valley as well as having suggested the name Yosemite.

Washington Ayer[65] was another scholarly man of this period. Shall I say it was fate, or accident, or circumstances that played such a prominent rôle in his career? Ayer wished to become a physician but pecuniary embarrassments intervened. He had first to earn the wherewithal, which he did by teaching school. In his background were his fellow townsmen, John G. Whittier and his sisters, encouraging him. Finally, he entered Harvard Medical College, Edward Everett being one of his instructors. After graduation, he settled at Lawrence, Massachusetts, but there were no patients to encourage the eager young practitioner. Then Fate intervened. One day while crossing the bridge over the Spigot River, he saw a woman struggling in the swollen waters of the stream below. Without a moment's hesitation, he mounted the railing and plunged. After a heroic struggle with the current he brought the unconscious woman safely to the banks already lined with witnesses of his skill and bravery. Then with all the enthusiasm of an initial case, he gave her first aid and restored the exhausted lady to consciousness and strength. The next day the journals of the city were loud in praise of his bravery and professional attainments, and he found himself as a result of that river experience, launched as a successful and busy practitioner.

But Fate has also to deal with cause and effect, and as a result of his aquatic experiences, Ayer's health was undermined, and he was on the point of embarking for the Mediterranean, when the New England Mining and Trading Association, then about to sail for the Golden Gate, invited him to go as physician. On February 4, 1849,

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[63] At the time that Doctor Bunnell was with the Mariposa Battalion, he did not have an M. D. degree but for two years beginning at the age of sixteen, he read medicine in his father's office (a physician of Detroit, Michigan) and attended clinics. In 1864 La Crosse Medical College granted him a medical degree which is now in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society. See Doctor Howard A. Kelly (Johns Hopkins) *The Annals of Medical History,* 1921. During his mining days in California, Bunnell had a surgical and medical outfit with him. Later in the expedition against the Chowchillas, he was appointed surgeon and promised extra pay.

[64] Bunnell, L. H., M. D., *Discovery of the Yosemite and the Indian Wars of 1851,* Chicago, 1880.

[65] Phelps, Alonzo, A. M., *Contemporary Biography of California's Representative Men,* San Francisco, 1881.

he sailed from Boston aboard the "Lenore." To relieve the monotony of sea life, he gave the passengers a series of lectures on various scientific subjects. Arriving within the Golden Gate, he proceeded up the Sacramento River to Vernon, a village on the right bank of that river at the mouth of the Feather and opposite Fremont.[66] Here he grasped opportunity firmly by the forelock and was soon paying drivers $300 per month to haul supplies to the neighboring mines. He became the owner of a large tract of land and hired men to cut and stack hay; built a bakery and a black-smith shop; purchased several freight boats that coursed up and down the Sacramento with supplies; and to crown all, he established a hospital at Vernon, one of the very first privately owned hospitals in the country. This was a haven of rest to the whole community as accidents in the mines were frequent, fevers and dysentery were rampant, and want, exposure and hardship were the handmaids of every mining camp. The expenses of this hospital undertaking were tremendous. The most extraordinary prices prevailed. Drugs were one dollar a drop; pills one dollar each; quinine one dollar a grain; doctors' visits $50-$100. (Just a few years previous, Micheltorena, one of California's last Mexican governors, attempted to reduce and regulate doctors' charges, prescribing that no physican should exact from rich patients more than a dollar for each visit, half a dollar from those in moderate circumstances, and nothing from the notoriously poor.)[67] Doctor Ayer paid one of his male nurses, later one of San Francisco's wealthiest men, eleven dollars a day. Commodities to supply the hospital were even more expensive than drugs and medical attendance—eggs were $3 each; a blanket $100; flour $800 a barrel; pork $400 a barrel; a pair of boots $100—all of these paid for in gold dust at the rate of $8-$10 an ounce. What Doctor Ayer accomplished with this hospital can never be estimated. Many was the pillow of the dying that he soothed and many the stranger far from home and kindred that he nursed back to health and strength; and this benevolent enterprise brought a great degree of prosperity to the enterprising founder. Just as opportunity seemed smiling most beneficently, Fate tipped the scales the other way. It was a river, the Spigot, that had launched his career; it was the Sacramento, that almost terminated it. During the memorable winter of '49 and '50 the latter river and the Feather rose as they have seldom risen since. In the "twinkling of an eye" Doctor Ayer's hospital was washed away, and with it down the river floated the material fruits of his long activity and toil. But the spiritual,

[66] Stillman, J. D. B., *Seeking the Golden Fleece,* San Francisco, 1877.

[67] Hittell, Theodore H., *History of California,* San Francisco, 1885, Vol. II, p. 341.

let us hope, were recorded with those of Abu Ben Adam. The entire valley was inundated, and Doctor Ayer presents a pathetic picture as he sits encamped for three weeks on an Indian mound, the only piece of land in all that inundated area that stood above the water. He was provided with little protection against the storm. His clothing and blankets were constantly saturated and his only companions were the mute animals who sought refuge with him on his Ararat mound. In January 1850, the floods receded and he left the valley for the mines to recoup his fortunes. But while he extracted great solace from the bosom of the earth, he extracted very little gold dust. Then it was that opportunity knocked again at his cabin door. During the winter of 1849, Asiatic cholera made its appearance on the Atlantic seaboard. By early spring it was encamped with the emigrants at the frontier towns of St. Joseph and Independence. Before they left the Missouri, it was ravaging their ranks. Like hungry wolves it dogged their footsteps across the plains. Every new camp was marked by a newly made grave. Finally, it crossed the Sierra into California and the first case manifested itself at the Union Hotel in Sacramento. Doctor Ayer heard the call, answered it and went to the stricken man's assistance. History records that through his professional skill and management, the man was restored to health. These circumstances at once introduced him to publicity, and both here and at Mokelumne Hill he became a central professional figure in the community. In 1854 he was rated as one of the ablest practitioners in San Francisco, and there I shall leave him. Adventure was over. Fate, circumstances skill and attainment combined to make him an enviable figure in the medical world. But as a poet he deserves a word of addition. In 1860 he published a booklet of original verse, and May Wentworth's *Poetry of the Pacific* contains a striking contribution from his pen. He was the bosom friend of Dr. E. S. Cooper and at his death pronounced a worthy eulogy.

Of a later vintage but probably the greatest genius of his time was Levi Cooper Lane who reached San Francisco early in the 60's to join his uncle on the staff of the first Medical College. Doctor Lane was the recipient of more college degrees than has befallen any other medical man in California. From Union College Schenectady, New York, A. B., A. M., LL. D., Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania, M. D., London, M. R. C. S.; and Berlin, Doctor of Medicine "Summa Cum Honore." If degrees are any criterion of a man's greatness (which they aren't) his would be a worthy measure of his mettle. He was also master of six languages, including Greek and Latin. In the latter he composed his naval thesis, having been in the United States Navy before he came to California. He was also the author of an

acknowledged surgical work on the head and neck. From the medical point of view, his life was an ideal one, useful and well spent, it being given but few men to be as great as he was, "to be the means of helping to save human life and to diminish human suffering, to be a great doctor, a great philanthropist, and a great scholar, as well as a religious and scientific man." When he died rich in years, St. Peter could worthily have said: "Well done—thou good and faithful servant—well done." He worked his way through college on twenty-five cents a week and lived to bequeath a million dollars to medical education, all of which he earned himself. It is only a few who die realizing their ambitions all satisfied, yet Doctor Lane succumbed in the seventies having tasted the fruition of his own successful accomplishments, his life's work completed and its hopes realized. Early in his manhood he had conceived the idea of fulfilling Doctor Cooper's idea regarding the founding of a medical school and a hospital for San Francisco. Although the latter lived to see his dream in part realized, he died long before it was an accomplished fact. And with his tragic and premature death, his idea of a medical school seemingly vanished too; but its power survived in the ambition of his nephew, Doctor Lane, and the latter toiled early and late to realize those dreams, and at length, the time came when they materialized in the medical school which he endowed in the name of his uncle—"the Cooper Medical School"—thus proving that every truly great idea never perishes, but lives on to fulfill the destiny allotted it. Not content with this accomplishment, Doctor Lane later founded and endowed the annual Lane course of lectures and the hospital and library which still bear his name, although overshadowed by another. And that is wherein the pathetic part of both Toland's and Lane's great gifts to humanity and to San Francisco lie. The identities of their progenitors are fast disappearing from the institutions which they founded. But perhaps Doctor Lane realized this eventuality, as his prophetic words delivered at the dedication of one of the medical college buildings, November 13, 1890, would seem to indicate: "Human memory has its limitations and we scarcely have a right to chide it for lessening its burden by dropping its distant links in the past; and it is probable that sharing the common fate of all things, the footsteps of coming years will obliterate the individuality of the work of which you now are witnesses; yet the work itself will not perish."

GEORGE D. LYMAN, M. D.

A BRET HARTE DISCOVERY

Thought to be a "discovery" is a Bret Harte item, recently acquired by me. At least, I have asked leading Bret Harte collectors upon the coast if this be not the fact and they declare it a "discovery."

F. M. DeWitt, of Oakland, who once prepared a list of Bret Harte music, says he never heard of this musical item. Nor have I, who make no pretense of being a Bret Harte "specialist," but have examined for years Bret Harte lists, ever seen it. Another collector, who has devoted three or more decades to Bret Harte collecting, states it safe to express belief that it is not to be found in the Kozlay manuscript bibliography of Bret Harte. Since Mr. Kozlay's death, there is hope among Bret Harte collectors, who know of this manuscript, that it will be soon published. There will then be an adequate bibliography on Harte.

The new item was published in 1869, before other early Harte songs with music, which appeared in 1870 and 1871. The latter include *The Heathen Chinee* in its various musical editions, 1870; *Flynn of Virginia,* 1870; *Upon the Stanislaus,* 1871; *Chiquita,* 1871; *Jim,* 1871; and *Twenty Years,* the last unknown to me and furnished by Mr. DeWitt.

Interest is added by the new title, because it connects with University of California beginnings, and S. W. Leach, Harte's brother-in-law, was a co-author on the cover-title of these four pages or sheets of music, 34.9 x 27.2 centimeters, apparently untrimmed, fourth page blank, as follows:

"Respectfully dedicated to the Oakland College Boat Club. /Row, boys, row!/ The boat song,/ as sung in/ Formosa,/ at the/ California theatre,/ by/ Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Leach & chorus./ Words by Frank Bret Harte. Music by S. W. Leach./ San Francisco:/ Published by Salvator Rosa,/ 624 Sacramento st./ Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by Salvator Rosa, in the clerk's office of the dist. court for the northern dist. of Cal."

I quote from a manuscript statement made and given me for my collection, by Mrs. Mary V. Tingley Lawrence* who reveals facts about

* Mrs. Lawrence will be remembered by old Californians by her pen name, "Ridinghood." She was a member of literary and musical circles of San Francisco as early as the late 50's and 60's. As the child of the talented George Brown Tingley, she met the interesting people of the city from even the early 50's. She wrote the words of *Sweet Minnie of the South,* a song with music published in 1858. These are the earliest words by a woman for a song set to printed music in California—that I can recall. The song's music was by L. T. Planel, who conducted Planel's Institute in Stockton street, where Mrs. Hall McAllister and other delightful women of the earlier social era of the city received their musical training.

Stephen W. Leach and the Leaches' connection with the beginnings of Harte, as follows:

"Stephen W. Leach and Bret Harte married sisters—the Misses Griswold. I understand the Griswold girls belonged to a talented family of musicians in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Leach lived in Stockton street, near Clay, in the early '60s. They occupied a two-story brick house there. I often met Mrs. Harte at the Leaches'.

"After Bret Harte married Miss Griswold, the Hartes were very poor and I inferred Mrs. Leach was of the greatest assistance to them.

"The two Griswold sisters sang in the Unitarian church. Its pastor, Thomas Starr King, took a great interest in them. Mr. Leach's wife was a strikingly beautiful blonde, and soprano. Bret Harte's wife was a brunette, and contralto.

"Mr. and Mrs. Leach taught music in the city and both appeared in many concerts—both excellent musicians. Mr. Leach was a baritone. Mrs. Leach told me she and her husband were willing to sing for charity, and always did, but the thoughtless public did not consider music was their means of livelihood and made too many demands on them. The Griswold sisters and Mr. Leach have been overlooked by Bret Harte enthusiasts. Mr. Leach was very highly respected for his genius and character and as a citizen.

"It was through the Griswold girls and their connection with the Unitarian church and Starr King that Bret Harte was first made comfortable. As the result of Starr King's activity in behalf of the Union during the Civil War, he procured the appointment, by President Lincoln, of Starr King's most intimate friend, Robert B. Swain, as superintendent of the mint. Starr King exacted from Mr. Swain the promise that he would appoint Bret Harte to a position and aid him. He made Harte his clerk and gave the Hartes their first peace, by not being dependable upon Bret Harte's precarious means of livelihood."

According to my manuscript musical records, Leach appeared first in San Francisco in 1854 and sang in concerts of the celebrated "Kate" Hayes of that year. In the Frederic R. Sherman collection of California music and other California musical ana, there is a song with music, *Hope That Breathes of Spring*, "as sung by Mrs. Georgiana Stuart Leach, for whom it was expressly composed by W. McKorkell, . . . accompaniment by M. Y. Ferrer," says the cover title (Copyright, Northern District of California, 1858). The same collection contains a song with music, *Departure*, "as sung by Mrs. R. K. Marriner at the ladies' jinks given by the San Francisco Bohemian Club, composed by Stephen Walter Leach" (Copyright, 1874). Another Leach item in

the same collection is a song with music, *Absence,* "dedicated to the members of the Bohemian Club, . . . as sung by Mr. Wm. Castle, Mr. Joseph Maguire, the music composed by Stephen W. Leach" (Copyright, 1878). Mr. Sherman also has *Peace on the Deep,* words by Miss Muloch, music by S. W. Leach (Copyright, 1876). I have record of *Let All Obey,* a song, "piano forte accompaniment by Stephen Leach," published in New York in 1849, but I do not know if this be Stephen W. Leach of San Francisco.

All these names recall pleasant memories to really old-time San Franciscans.

BOUTWELL DUNLAP.

Owing to lack of space the Documentary Section and Book Reviews have been omitted from this number.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

"Yosemite Pioneers" was the subject of an address delivered by Ansel F. Hall before a meeting of the California Historical Society held at the Hotel St. Francis, Tuesday, February 24. In his official duty as Chief Naturalist of the United States National Park Service and Executive Agent of the American Association of Museums, with headquarters in Yosemite Valley, Hall has familiarized himself with the development of all the national parks, and particularly of Yosemite. He announced that many improvements are to be made soon. One thing promised within the next two years is the building of a first class automobile road into Yosemite Valley, over which visitors may motor every day in the year. A fine museum is established and is growing. The creation of a library may be undertaken soon.

"The effective discovery of Yosemite Valley was made in 1851 by the Mariposa Battalion," Hall said. He referred to the Walker expedition, which he said was supposed to have seen the valley nearly two decades previously, but which probably looked down upon only a portion of it from the heights above.

Mr. Hall gave a list of the men who have contributed to the world's knowledge of the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, and paid a tribute to its pioneer explorers.

Oakland as it appeared sixty years ago was described by Fred L. Button at the meeting of the California Historical Society held at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, March 17.

Among the first lantern slides shown by the speaker was a picture of a little wooden school house which was built by Horace W. Carpentier at the corner of 5th and Clay streets, and traded to the townspeople for their waterfront. For nearly three-quarters of a century Oakland officials have been struggling to recover the city's embarcadero.

At the beginning all of Oakland's business was west of Fourth street, and the most important part was between First street and the bay.

Development of the College of California, which Benjamin Ide Wheeler describes as "the precursor of the University of California," was illustrated by the speaker with many pictures. The residence of Dr. Henry Durant, founder of the College of California and the first president of the University of California, was an ornate, two-story structure, which stood at Thirteenth and Franklin streets, the present site of the Oakland Tribune office.

Three historical hotels were shown — the Grand Central, the Tubbs House and the Galindo Hotel.

Two early graveyards were located, the first was where the Municipal Auditorium now stands and the second was on the site of the Municipal Museum, at the foot of Harrison street near what was formerly Laguna del Peralta and now known as Lake Merritt.

The original hacienda of Antonio Maria Peralta was pictured as an adobe cottage covered with vines.

Photographs were shown of Moses Chase, the first white settler in Oakland, Edson Adams, Franklin Warner and others. Warner was Oakland's first man teacher. Hanna Adams, wife of Edson Adams, was the first woman teacher. Mrs. Blake's school for girls was the first school of its kind in Alameda County.

The first county seat was originally called Helvetia, then Uniontown and finally Alvarado, the name it now bears.

Among the early time transportation appliances were the bob-tail one-horse cars, the dummy railroad from Temescal to Berkeley and the huge double-deck street cars of East Oakland and Brooklyn Township.

Mark Twain was prominent in a picnic gathering at the Piedmont Springs, now "the city without a business house," and Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Jack London, Ina Coolbrith and other literary celebrities contributed to the fame of Oakland.

Many men and women who were born in Oakland listened to the lecture.

Every phase of the community life was delineated from Pat Hays' saloon to the famous fandango pavilion, and even including the township calaboose, which was so sturdily built that it still stands and is used as a smoke house.

Clay M. Greene entertained the members of the California Historical Society at their luncheon meeting Tuesday, April 21, by weaving a chain of personal reminiscences concerning the early history of San Francisco, with special reference to the pioneer playhouses and the men and women of the stage.

Greene substituted for former Senator James D. Phelan, who was incapacitated by an accident.

The elder Booth was recalled by Greene, and some of his characteristics were described, giving a glimpse of his social habits, which were in keeping with pioneer customs. His greatness as an actor won condonement for pre-Volsteadian transgressions. Booth the younger and his contemporaries were appraised, and a current account of the rise and fall of the major theatres of San Francisco was given.

Responding to a request by Charles G. Yale, the speaker told of his

connection with the play called "Struck Oil," in which J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore first appeared in San Francisco.

Greene said:

" 'Struck Oil' was written as a one-act curtain raiser by Sam Smith, a wood-chopper. Smith's regular business was splitting out railroad ties, and between times he would write farces and comedies and the like. Williamson seeing its possibilities as a melodrama, in 1871 engaged me to expand 'Struck Oil' into a three-act play. After my work was completed we haggled over the pay. Williamson insisted that $150 ought to be enough, and as I was inexperienced and had given no thought to royalties or anything of that kind, I accepted.

"The play did not win much applause in California, but when Williamson and Maggie Moore took it to Australia it met with immediate and wide acceptance. Mr. Elder, the Commissioner from Australia, who came to San Francisco to greet the American fleet told in the Bohemian Club last week that Williamson had acquired a fortune of £400,000 (about $2,000,000), the foundation of which he ascribed to the money-making powers of 'Struck Oil.' At any rate I got my $150 for my part of the production before it was performed."

Immediately after the salad was served at the luncheon, a "strike" order was delivered to the waiters who were on duty at the St. Francis. They all walked out, and the women guests, assisted by a few of the men, acted as volunteers and delivered the viands from the kitchen to the luncheon table.

WELLS DRURY.

REPORT OF THE EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

To the President and Board of Directors of the
California Historical Society:

Your Exhibit Committee takes pleasure in reporting on the Bret Harte Exhibit held in the rooms of the Society during the week of January 19-24, 1925.

The material shown consisted, in the main, of two large collections: that of Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott and that of Dr. John W. Robertson. These were augmented by original manuscripts, first and scarce editions, prints, views and portraits lent by other members of the Society and their friends. The original manuscript of "The Heathen Chinee' together with the proof sheets, and the original manuscript of "The Idyll of Red Gulch" were lent by the University of California Library, while the original manuscript of "Dickens in Camp" was lent by the Mills College Library. There were also nine autographed letters

and copies of Harte's writings published in the French, German, and Spanish languages; making a total of 326 items exhibited.

This was the first exhibit of this nature ever held, and that it was appreciated was evidenced by the attendance and the favorable words of commendation.

Through our publicity committee many articles were prepared and displayed in the daily press. This did much toward making the exhibit a success.

A list of exhibitors follows:

Mr. Charles L. Camp
Mr. W. W. Carruth
Mr. Robert E. Cowan
Mr. Fred M. DeWitt
Mr. Wells Drury
Mr. John Howell
Mr. Edward Jesurun
Mr. Theo. M. Lilienthal
Mr. James Madison
Mills College Library
Oakland Free Library
Overland Monthly Publishing Co.
Dr. John W. Robertson
Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott
Mrs. Elizabeth G. Potter
Senator James D. Phelan
Mrs. W. E. Purdy
Stockton Chamber of Commerce
Mrs. S. J. Taylor
Thew Incorporated
Mr. D. Q. Troy
Mr. Charles B. Turrill
University of California Library

The cases used were kindly lent by Mr. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo; and the Hartford Fire Insurance Company insured the material exhibited for $5000, without charge.

The expenses amounted to $39.60.

Very truly yours,

FRED M. DEWITT, Chairman.

IN MEMORIAM

Kimball Gushee Easton

Kimball Gushee Easton, son of the Reverend Giles A. Easton and Mary Gushee Easton, was born in San Francisco, September 25, 1865, and died suddenly in Berkeley, March 21, 1925. He spent his early boyhood in Benicia and attended the Episcopal School there. Later, when the family moved to Berkeley, he attended the Berkeley Gymnasium up to the time of entering the University of California. He earned the money to put himself through the University by working as a printer's devil and other odd jobs. While in the University he was active in journalism and was a co-editor on a campus paper which developed into the "Blue and Gold." The first "Blue and Gold" to appear in book form was issued by his class under his direction.

He graduated from the University in 1886. After graduation he went into the employ of The Oakland Paving Company, supervising as his first work the first pavement laid in Berkeley, on Dwight Way. A few years later, the late C. T. H. Palmer sought his assistance to rescue a paving company he had started in Los Angeles, and he removed there. After a few years he returned to Berkeley to live and formed a partnership with Arthur R. Wilson to carry on a general contracting business. When this partnership was dissolved he became associated with the firm of Bates, Borland and Ayer and continued with them until the time of his death.

He was married on October 4, 1892, to Katherine Olden who survives him. Three children were born of this union. Olden Alexander Easton who died in infancy, Dorothea Alice Easton, now Mrs. Robert Harter, and Esther Katherine Easton.

Mr. Easton was an ardent lover of his native country and enjoyed the outdoor life it affords most thoroughly. He spent all of the time that he could spare from his busy life in the cities, in the Sierra, where his little mountain ranch was the point of departure for many expeditions. He was also a student all of his life and was well versed in the poetry of the English and French languages. He was one of the few in his generation who continued to read Latin and Greek literature for enjoyment only.

He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers and took a great interest in their affairs; and was, at the time of his death, one of their trustees.

Anson S. Blake.

IN MEMORIAM

Judge Grant Jackson

Judge Grant Jackson died in Los Angeles very suddenly on the 2d day of April, 1925. He was born in Sebastapol, Sonoma County, in this State, June 13, 1869. His father was Major William Jackson, a Civil War veteran, and his mother's maiden name was Mary C. Francis. His family was among those who made up the pioneer colony of Lompoc and he spent his boyhood days at Lompoc, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. He studied law with W. C. Stratton a prominent attorney of Santa Barbara and was admitted to practice when he was 21 years of age. For ten years he remained in Santa Barbara, and during the past twenty-three years he was an active member of the bar of Los Angeles County. He was Judge of the Superior Court of that county from 1913 to 1920. During the past five years he was engaged in many important cases in the southern part of the State.

The migrations of his family brought him in touch with many of the interesting figures in the history of this State, and in childhood he became inspired with a zeal for everything relating to the history of California. He was particularly active in searching for materials and managed to unearth a great many documents of interest. His collection was left by him to the Southwest Museum. During his lifetime he was very liberal in permitting publication of material in his possession. The one subject to which he lent his unstinting aid was the unity of the State of California. This was practically the only subject of historical nature upon which he left any written material. He was liberal in his lending of material to the California Historical Society for its publications and exhibitions.

The cause of western history has suffered a great loss in his untimely death. He possessed many traits that won for him a large circle of friends, and his sudden and untimely death has created an unsual sense of personal loss as well.

Arthur M. Ellis.